WATCH OUT, YOU AMERICAN WOMEN by Rupert Hughes

JUNE 8, 1935

Liberty

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NRA CODE

The Passionate Eskimo by F. Scott Fitzgerald

To "quality folk" throughout Kentucky that name Crab Orchard stood for good food and good whiskey

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Smooth and satisfying to taste

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A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

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LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT

JUNE 8, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 23

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
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DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH INTELLIGENCE FROM GOVERNMENT

GOVERNMENTS are often ponderous, slow-moving. Justice is not always swift and certain, and the heavy iron heel of legislative restrictions often crushes the innocent as well as the guilty.

Business recovery is the one great desideratum at this time. Everybody is hoping that "prosperity," quoting Mr. Hoover, "is just around the corner."

But there is only one road which leads in that direction, and that is through greater activity in all kinds of business throughout the entire country.

However, business interests cannot be hounded and unreasonably restricted if we expect an upward trend.

Business executives have been taught to fear governmental interference. From experience they have learned that it is often unreasonable and at times minus intelligence. And it is this attitude on the part of business leaders that has brought us a lack of confidence which is holding up huge investments in capital goods.

It has been asserted that if the owners of "big business" could be made to believe that they will be given a square deal by the government, and that they will be protected from unreasonable strikes, from twenty-five to thirty billion dollars would be invested in new machinery, improvements in factories, promotional efforts of all kinds; that if such a change could be brought about the five billion dollars which the government proposes to use for employment would be a mere pittance compared with the investment that would be made if business leaders could be properly assured of their rights as guaranteed them by the Constitution.

We have at this time a most amazing example of governmental foolishness in the efforts that are being made to restrict and restrain holding companies.

They are robbing the people, some legislators maintain.

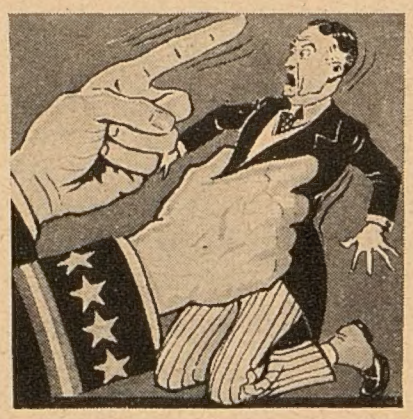
Some of the officials of some holding companies may be classed as robbers, and they should be discharged and properly penalized. But the holding company itself is simply an instrument that is used to designate the ownership of property. It would be just as sensible to say that the deed to a piece of property is robbing the owner as to maintain that holding companies are robbing the people.

And yet we have legislators at this time trying to find some legal means of restraining holding companies.

Literally millions of our citizens have stock in which their ownership is registered in some holding company. And it is indeed disgraceful to have to acknowledge that the legislators of this great nation are so lacking in intelligence as to attack this particular insignia of ownership. It is an indication of the particular character of intelligence of some of our legislators that is shameful beyond description.

We could easily maintain that money is a source of evil, though it would hardly be sensible to stop using money for that reason.

And the same situation exists in holding companies. They can be a source of evil and they can be a source of an incalculable amount of good. And they are a necessary instrument to indicate ownership. And when crooks and racketeers are found controlling them they should be arrested and severely punished.



But the misuse of an instrument should not cause us to entirely condemn it.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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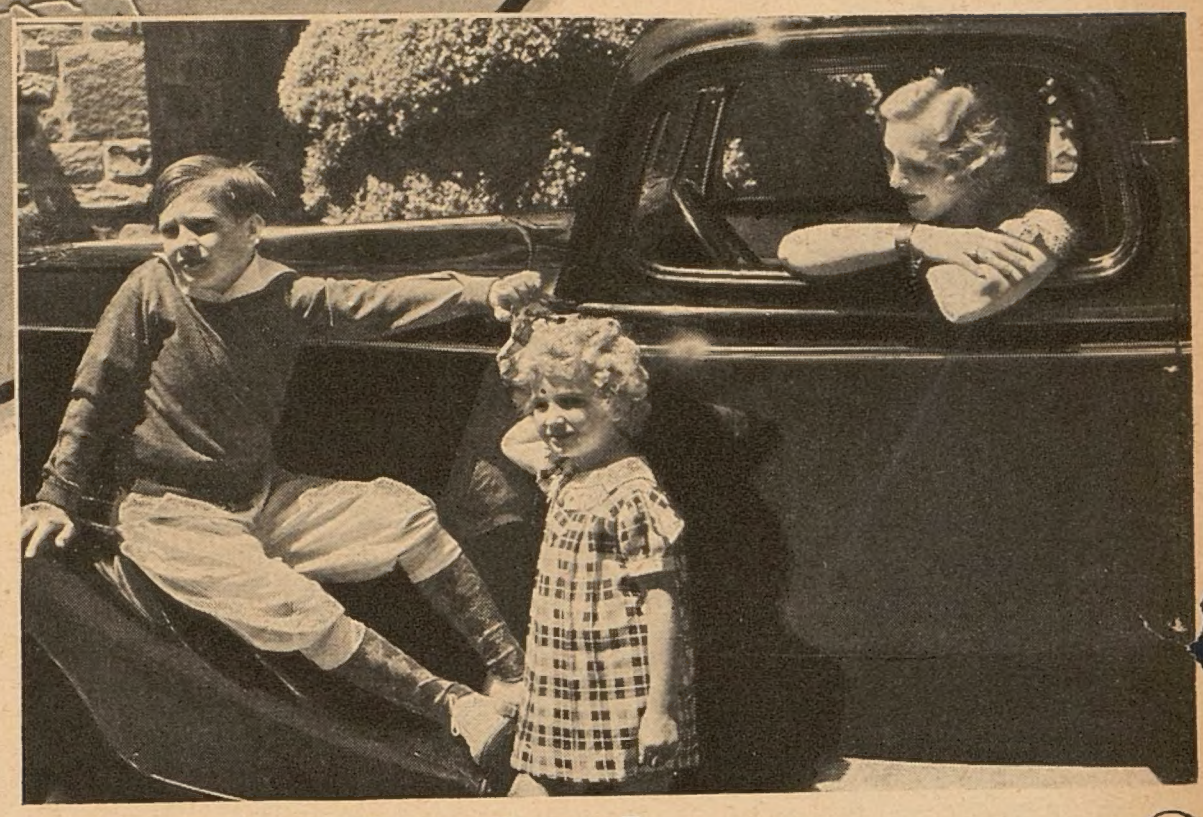

Are you awake, little two-eyes?

THE ONE-EYED stepsister and the three-eyed stepsister were sitting pretty. They were personages—out of the ordinary. So they were coddled and made much of—well fed—well clad—living in ease. They were in the dough.

But Little Two-Eyes of the fairy story was only a normal, average sort of person, living a colorless, work-a-day life, until a bit of magic showed her how to step out and get things. From then on, her life was rosy.

Millions of good average citizens are drudging along drably today with eyes closed to the possibilities that lie before them through the magic of character and credit. In their minds, time payment financing seems a devouring ogre. In truth, it is a powerful, benevolent giant.

Think of what it has done for America within the span of twenty-five years. It has broadened markets, lowered costs and selling prices, increased production, created work for armies of workers. It has enabled millions to buy and enjoy hundreds of modern devices for the promotion of health, comfort and happiness.

☆ ☆ ☆

Merchants who sell and individuals who buy on the time payment plan must make sure that *the company back of the system* has a history of integrity, fair-dealing and ample resources.

Commercial Credit Company was founded in 1912 with $300,000 capital. Today its companies employ 1975 people and more than $41,000,000 of capital and surplus, financing more than $417,000,000 of sales in the past twelve months. Its charge for service is moderate. It carefully supervises collections to protect both buyer and seller from any loss.

Its ever-increasing operations have played a major part in opening vast markets for American manufacturers, stepping up production, decreasing costs and selling prices, making jobs for millions of workers. Without such a financing service, American industry would move at a snail's pace—labor would be a drug on the market.

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How Commercial Credit Company Serves Buyer and Seller

Commercial Credit Company purchases current open accounts receivable, notes, and instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, trucks, refrigerators, oil burners, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, boats and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products. The service is national in scope, yet completely local through one hundred and forty-two offices located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

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watch out, You American

Your Sex Is Advancing Backward; Your Hard-Won Rights Are Slipping Away—An Eminent Novelist Sounds an Arresting Warning of Danger in These Tense Times

by

RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"SEVEN states in this country have entered a compact to degrade women by 'protecting them'—as children are protected and legally and physically controlled—from conditions which the adult man must face unafraid. They have made a beginning toward that denial of freedom and self-respect of which Fascism and Hitlerism are the full-grown and hideous examples and which, unless curbed at once, will mean the uprooting of civilization and the decay of the race."

This is part of an editorial called The Handwriting on the Wall in the official organ of the National Woman's party, the magazine called Equal Rights.

The indifference of women to their own welfare has brought all this about. But men cannot justly cast a stone at them since the recent almost complete loss of male liberties and the return to Middle Age conditions in many countries have been brought about by the laziness or servility of those countless males who resemble the much derided females in their apparent motto:

" I'd rather be bossed than bothered by independence."

It may seem ridiculous to suggest the possibility that American women will ever lose anything they set their hearts on. The trouble is that most of us have our hearts set on creature comfort rather than on the stars of opportunity.

American women, as a whole, have never set their hearts on independence any more than American men have. It has always been the few who have emancipated the multitude, and they have not always been thanked for it.

The danger that women will lose their modern liberties is the more certain since American men are also losing many old liberties in the whirling kaleidoscope of economic bewilderment and panic politics.

Furthermore, there is an organized drive against women all over the world, and the United States feels it every day. Desperate men, frenzied for jobs or for some means of escape from the crushing taxations necessary to support the multitudinous unemployed, regard with suspicion the great number of women earning money. It looks all too easy to create a job for an idle man by firing a busy woman and giving him her place regardless of her fitness for the task, or his unfitness; regardless of the number of her dependents or his.

The achievements of women in every phase of existence in the brief period of their new freedom have been dazzling. But the depression has taken the dazzle out of nearly everything and made liberty a luxury that fewer and fewer men or women can afford.

Woman's exalted position—when it is exalted—is so new that she has not had a chance to dig in. She can be very easily and swiftly toppled from the heights down to where she was but yesterday. In many states of our Union she has not yet come out of legal slavery.

The desire to protect somebody else is beautiful or vicious according to the motive and the result. There was never yet a tyrant who trampled on man's freedom without alleging that he did it for the good of his subjects. The despots always alleged divine right. Our American Revolution was denounced by no end of clergymen as an atheistic attack on divinely anointed kings.

So man has tyrannized over woman with the same sickening talk of protection and he has tried to jail her in the home for his own good, while calling the home her divinely appointed place. There have been plenty of women glad enough to be protected so. Kemal Pasha found it almost impossible to drag the majority of Turkish women out of the harem and make them lay off their veils.

But so he had to use all violence to drag Turkish men up from groveling before their rulers.

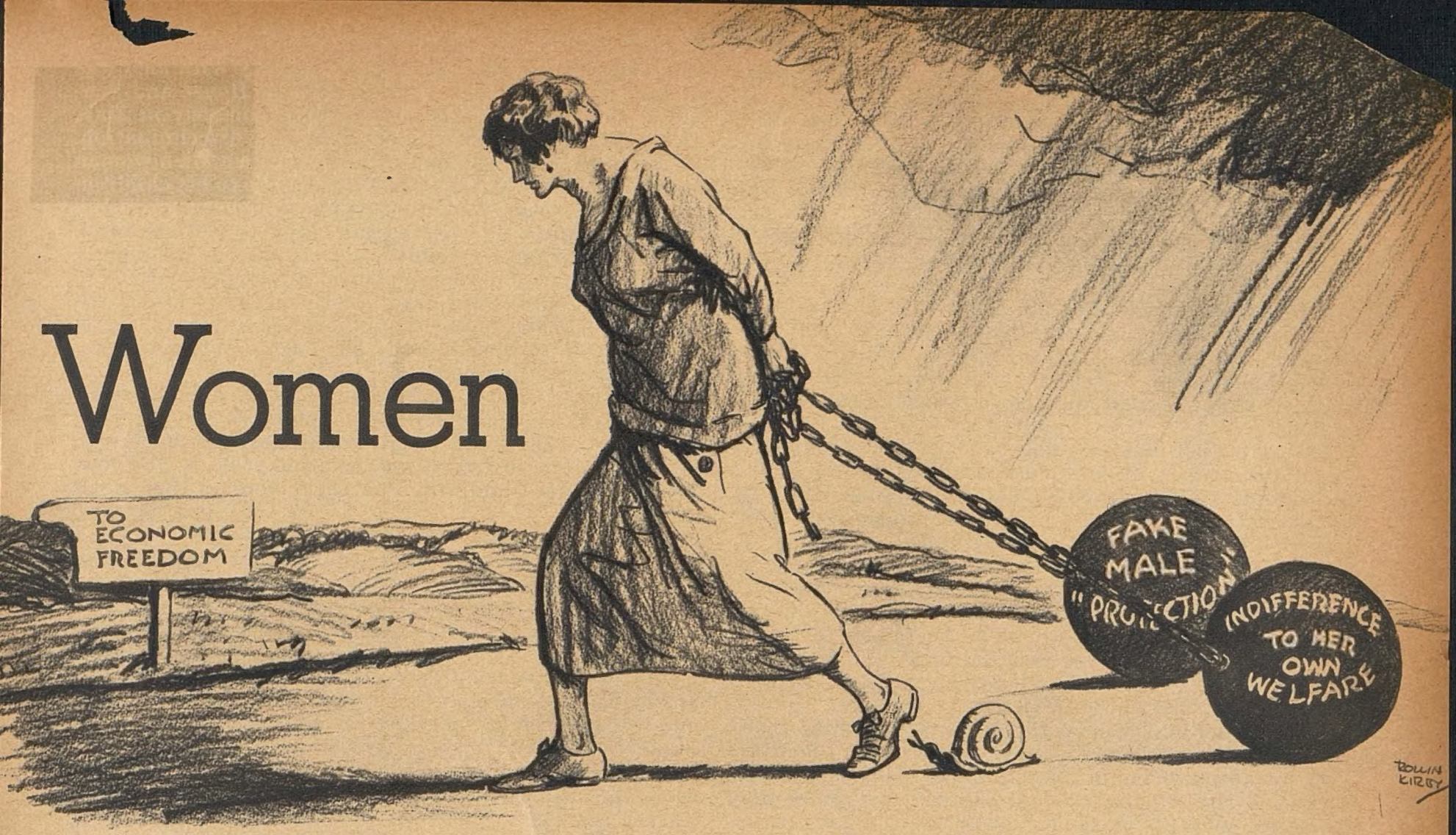
But, by hook and by crook, there came about in our lifetime one of the most tremendous revolutions in human history. All over the world women gained more or less liberty and equality in the government and in the trades and professions. Then, the other day, they began to lose it in many places. They are losing more or less of it in all countries—in our own as well as elsewhere.

Independence is not independence if it is not economic. Women in America had not yet perfected their economic independence when the depression came. It has more or less wrecked everybody's economic independence, but once prosperity comes again, men will retrieve their economic self-respect. Will women?

One of their chief grievances was that they are forbidden to work in the same conditions and the same hours as men. This puts them under a fatal handicap. Women may not work at night—in factories and shops, though they are permitted to wear themselves to the bone at home. In consequence women cannot enter into free competition. They were fighting against such " protection " when the crash came.

Then the codes began to flutter down like snowflakes. In a majority of the codes there were minimum wage

Women



CARTOON BY ROLLIN KIRBY

discriminations against women. In some industries they are absolutely forbidden to do night work, though it may be more convenient for their domestic arrangements. They are also deprived of all the advantages of higher pay for night work and overtime.

As the editor of Equal Rights declares:

"Women can never expect men to get just labor standards for them. They must face the issue squarely and make their demands. Their future economic security is at stake."

In our country today, in the states most boastful of their gallantry to women, women have less legal justice, not to say courtesy, than elsewhere. For this women are largely to blame. Now that they have the vote, only a small percentage use it, and only a small percentage of that small percentage use it to enlarge liberty. But this is equally true of men. It is almost impossible to get out a big vote except when personal prejudice stirs animosities.

BUT the women and men worthy of freedom keep up the battle and scorn to let others govern them. The grandest thing such women have done of late is to throw their influence in favor of the recent bills in New York and other states to put an end to lawsuits for breach of promise, alienation of affections, seduction and criminal conversation. Good self-respecting women abhor the alimony horror that compelled 1,800,000 American men to pay $936,000,000 last year in alimony. The next step is to stop their appalling outlay of two billion dollars a year in the expenses of divorce, including attorneys' fees, court fees, etc.

The economic independence of women implies that marriage is an equal partnership and it must be dissolved like any other partnership by a simple process of mutual consent without scandal or court procedures as if it were criminal.

Women cannot claim equal rights and at the same time claim the sole right to sue for alimony, or the worse atrocity of enormous damages for broken engagements, that obscene thing they call "heart balm."

Too many women are traitors to the highest causes, not only of their sex but of human liberty in general.

In the Philippine Islands a constitution had been drawn up for use when the day of independence dawns; it contained a clause giving women the vote. The Filipinos, watching the progress of the young Spanish Republic, saw that it promptly emancipated women, gave them the suffrage at once. But most of the Spanish women promptly threw their new votes to the reactionary party aiming to restore the monarchy and its ancient evils. The Filipinos at once decided that women could not be trusted with the vote and canceled the clause giving it to them. Thus the Spanish women by betraying their opportunity destroyed the hopes of the Filipinos. So every woman who is false to her opportunity closes a door to some far-off stranger.

The greatest enemies of woman's liberty have always been women. The average woman does not want political liberty, hates it, fears it, refuses to help other women get it, preferring the ancient wily way of ruling men by seeming to obey them.

But the same thing is bitterly true of men. Men also as a class fear, hate, fight liberty. Hence the dictators that have sprung up of late. While the dictators are frisking the men and taking away all their weapons, even their willingness for self-defense, they are insulting the women with the ancient obscenity:

"Back to your breeding and your kneading. They're all you're good for. Give up your jobs—except scrubbing and pot scouring and diaper pinning! Give us your votes! What can women know about the great mysteries of statesmanship?"

And the women are yielding with hardly a protest, accepting the rabbit and the guinea pig as the highest models for womanly ambition.

This "Get Babies!" slogan—what a vicious idiocy, what vile insolence, for any man or men to say to women: "All I want from you is children and kitchen work and churchgoing." That is what the Kaiser recommended to his female subjects: *Kinder, Küche, Kirche*—"Kids, Kitchen, and Kirk."

This is as contemptible as it is contemptuous. For these childbearing edicts take no account of the countless women who, after the birth of one child, can never have any more, or of the countless women who can never have even the first one; or of the countless women who might have many children but never find a mate. In Germany

there are two million more women than men. In Massachusetts there are 100,000 more women than men. In eleven of our states there are more women than men. Concubinage is illegal and illegitimate children are not honored. What of the women whose religious convictions lead them to celibacy? What of the widows who will not or cannot remarry?

Countless women have husbands whose infidelities are so gross that it is dangerous, perhaps fatal, to have children.

What of the enormous numbers of wives who are flatly abandoned by their husbands? Are they to have children anyway? These various classes total up millions. What a kennel club, what a stock farm of life it makes to lay so much stress on reproduction as woman's sole reason to exist!

Nature herself seems to resent the unnatural emphasis on childbearing in these European drives for the multiplication of babies. In 1926 Mussolini startled Italy by saying that one of the most prolific of nations was losing ground. All sorts of propaganda called on women to make haste and drag little Italians " out of the everywhere into the here." Yet in 1934 the Central Institute of Statistics in Rome reported that the population was the same as the year before. The Italian birthrate in 1934 was less than it was in 1922 to 1926. Mussolini groaned that the women had " defrauded Italy of more than a million males—that is, future soldiers."

When Hitler called upon the Nazis to multiply, there were wholesale weddings, armies marching to the altar. With his absolute mania for calling anything he dislikes " Jewish," Hitler announced on September 8, 1934, that the whole idea of woman's rights was " a product of decadent Jewish intellectualism." The fact that the history of the woman's rights agitation is singularly barren of Jewish names would not deter such a fanatic, and he snaps the door shut in a few sharp phrases:

" Liberalism has a large number of points for woman's equality. The Nazi program for women has but one: this is, a child! "

Strange, how fiercely these celibates call on others to produce children!

When Dr. Goebbels made such pronouncements thousands of assembled women screamed their approval. But when lipsticks, bobbed hair and cigarettes were denounced, they were so silent and so cold that the ban was withdrawn. They delightedly surrendered their rights as citizens! But the rouge pot was worth dying for. What a hideous self-degradation!

Yet, to minds believing in equality and freedom, those German women were even less repulsive than the vast throngs of German men shouting themselves hoarse with hosannas of gratitude to the Leader who gave them the joyous news that he was taking all their liberties away and would do all their thinking for them.

THE test of a country's standing in civilization is the standing there of women and Jews. Wherever you find Jews persecuted you will soon find women reduced to political nonentity; and you will find already or soon that the male citizen is being rapidly reduced to equal degradation and servitude. Next come the religions, and in Germany Protestants and Catholics have been successively throttled.

If it is what the Germans want, let them have it. It is none of our business. But we can look on and learn.

In Italy Mussolini at first called women to his aid and gave them the vote. Then he took it away again and told them to get busy at baby making. One could have prophesied that he would soon be saying to the men, " I think I will put an end to parliamentary government." And he did. He has lately taken over the seventh portfolio in his cabinet. He is now seven members of his own cabinet—a clear majority. The men point proudly to the fact that the trains run on time. A strange reward for the loss of liberty.

In our hemisphere there has been some gain to offset the losses a little. In December, 1933, at the seventh Pan-American conference at Montevideo, a treaty granting women absolute equality in political and civil rights was barely defeated by a three to two vote; but a treaty granting nationality rights on an equality with men was unanimously approved. This treaty the House and Senate of the United States approved unanimously in May, 1934. It corrects an ancient and evil discrimination. Hitherto an American man who married an alien woman transmitted his own American citizenship to his children. But an American woman marrying a foreigner lost her own nationality as well as all right to her children. Twelve years ago the Gable Law was passed enabling an American woman to remain American though married to a foreigner. But until May, 1934, her children took the nationality of the father though he died or was divorced. Now she can transmit her own citizenship to her children, just as their father could.

The United States still stands fast as a bulwark of many liberties and equalities. Yet there are parts of this " land of the free " where women have not yet gained rights they had in Egypt two thousand years B. C. They lost them there and will lose them here if they don't watch out.

NOT long ago in the United States the law was: "A man and his wife are one, but the husband is the one." An unmarried woman or widow had a few rights; a wife was almost a legal nonentity. Here is a typical case: A wife's father left her $50,000. Her husband seized it. When he died he left her and their children nothing of his own, and willed the $50,000 to his mistress. The wife sued and was laughed out of court for not knowing that what was hers was his.

At this moment in several states a father may will away the custody of his children to anybody he pleases, leaving his widow childless. She has no recourse.

Look it up, lady, and see if this is true of your state.

Today in New York, Massachusetts, Michigan and other states the father alone is entitled to the earnings of the children. In Georgia he has the right to all his wife's earnings, anywhere. In New York he has the right to them while she lives under " his " roof. In Michigan and South Carolina her very clothes are his. In Florida a husband can manage and control his wife's separate property. In Michigan, though a wife buys property with her own money (if any), her husband has the sole right to the rent and the profits. In Nevada and New Mexico all property that either acquires after marriage is called " joint property "; but the husband can will his half as he pleases, the wife can will her half only to her husband, not even to her children. In Louisiana only the husband is privileged to manage or dispose of their " joint " property.

In Texas when the first woman governor was elected she had to ask for legislation removing her legal disabilities as a woman and a wife far enough to enter into contracts in behalf of the state. She still could not enter into contracts for herself. In numbers of states married women have no more right to make contracts than children, criminals and the insane.

In Oklahoma women are barred from holding the higher elective offices. In more than half the states women are debarred from serving on juries. In thirty-three of the states prostitution is an " act of the female " alone, and in many there is no penalty for the man. In many of the states the unmarried mother of a child cannot demand aid from its father for its support.

In New York a wife may not secure a divorce for desertion, but she can get her marriage annulled if she can prove that her husband has absented himself for five years without being known to be living during that time, that she believes him dead, and that diligent search has failed to uncover his existence. How she is to live during the five years is none of the state's business.

In Wisconsin alone have women been given equality with men in all rights under the law.

The Wisconsin condition should be the goal of all self-respecting women and the cheerful concession of all self-respecting men.

The women who are battling for equal rights and who ask for neither chivalry nor male " protection " but simply for a fair chance as human beings, for equality in hours, pay and opportunity, complain that the NRA is unjust and discriminatory. Section 213 of the Economy

Act forbids both a husband and a wife to hold government positions and great numbers of women have been dismissed, though in some cases the pay was so small that both husband and wife could not live unless both of them worked.

The proud high-spirited intellectual young American woman of today—or at least of yesterday—has demanded the right to her own soul, her own body, her own choice of mate, her own career.

Once women lose the right to earn their own living they lose all they have gained and will speedily find themselves reduced to the old servitude.

"In the United States the reactionary influence against married women workers is being felt in an alarming degree," writes Alma Lutz of the National Council of Women. "All the old sentimental arguments about women and the home, the welfare of the race, about the decrease of the birth rate because women are out of their God-ordained sphere are being brought forward.

"In the United States a married woman's right to paid work is being attacked on every side. School boards refuse to employ married women teachers. In some states married women are barred from staffs of state universities and normal schools. Large business concerns have ruled that married women be discharged and hereafter refused employment. State legislatures and city councils are repeatedly urged to prohibit the employment of married women in government and municipal offices. The most insidious attack, however, on married women workers was the passage by Congress of the married-persons clause of the Economy Act. It is a menace to all married women who wish to earn their living, for the federal government is looked upon by state government offices and business firms as a model or an excuse in their formation of labor policies.

"Hundreds of married women with long service records and high efficiency ratings have been discharged or forced to resign. . . . According to a recent investigation made by the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, nine out of every ten women interviewed were in real need of their wages. They worked because the husband's wage was not sufficient to maintain the home and family."

In one branch of government service the 446 married couples had an average salary for the men of $1,640 a year, for the women $1,260 a year—a total of $2,900. Discharging the wife at once cut the family income to $1,640. The result was the giving up of homes, the lapse of mortgages, of insurance premiums.

THE wife of a disabled veteran doing clerical work lost her job under the married-persons clause though the sick husband's little earnings will not suffice. In one bureau a woman with a salary of $70 a month was supporting six relatives. The husband gave up his job in this case because he was making still less money. That made seven dependent on the seventy dollars. Another married man working at small wages for fifteen years in the Navy Yard gave up his job so that his wife could keep hers. His place was taken by an inexperienced man. He is now trying to divorce his wife as others have done.

There has been an immediate decrease in marriages and an increase in divorces as a direct result among government employees. This has not been due to a failure of love but to stark necessity in cases where both husband and wife had dependents who could not all be taken care of on one salary.

In Hungary a similar law was passed and there were seven hundred divorces in one week.

In Florida last year a county refused to employ certain teachers because they were married or had incomes other than teaching. They went to law and the case was carried to the state Supreme Court, which handed down this decision:

"By its action the board of public instruction in effect imposed celibacy and a social state akin to poverty or destitution as a prerequisite for a lady to teach. The effect of such policy is unreasonable and unheard-of in any other business or profession."

Taking jobs away from married women is a mortal attack on marriage. The rule of a single job for a married couple is one more blow at it, one more encouragement to illicit unions.

We think it inconceivable that our free and highly educated women should ever be hurled back into medieval conditions as women are in Germany and Italy, but nothing is more possible.

This nation is seething with the ambitions of young women studying to be able to support themselves, and abhorring the thought of being a burden always on some man. But what is the use of studying if the future holds nothing for a girl but menial labor, or dependence on such a husband as she may be able to find in these days of later and later marriage? Woman's education will soon backslide to the ideal of a century ago when many proclaimed it a crime to teach women to read and write.

Wide World photo

Rupert Hughes, a famous author in several fields, and Mrs. Hughes, herself successful in authorship.

AS usual women are helping in the battle against their own liberties, for as Alma Lutz warns:

"Many single women add their protest against the employment of married women, not realizing that similar propaganda against all women will probably be the next step in the frantic struggle to relieve unemployment."

But prosperity will never come through closing the skies of opportunity to ambitious souls, willing and eager to better their own minds in order to better their conditions. Prosperity must come from the releasing of genius and ambition.

Let those men who want to strut and crow in their own homes and lord it over frightened and obedient concubines called wives find and mate with the women who want to be contented cows. There are millions of such women and such men. Let them get together and make each other happy. Let her exalt his silly soul by cringing before him (he is probably cringing before his own boss). Let him make her happy by roaring his orders and throwing her his boots to polish or lick. Some women love to be frightened. They coo: "Frighten me again, O master!"

But there are other men and other women who seek in marriage comradeship, mutual help, complementary completeness. They are not denied any of the raptures of the flesh; but the husband scorns to play the imbecile sultan, and the wife scorns to play the seraglio favorite. They rejoice in each other's souls. They fight the world together. They help each other to succeed, to be happy, to reach the heights.

What man, knowing men, would have his daughter the serf of any man she marries? What mother, knowing women and men, would have her son chained for life to a woman of no ambition, no eagerness for education, no interest in the world, nothing but the old slimy trickeries?

They used to sing of the sturdy oak and the clinging ivy. But it was poison ivy choking poison oak to death.

Our mothers and our wives are almost all-powerful to wreck us or to ennoble us. They perish or prosper with us. A parasite is a poor helpmeet, and misses the best in life. Watch out, women!

In general, women are advancing backward and if they do not pause and look about and watch their step, their slow retreat will be a grand toboggan slide into the ancient abyss. No truism was ever truer than: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

THE END

A Master of American Fiction Comes Back to Liberty's Pages with a Lively Comedy of Bizarre Adventure . . . The Sparkling Story of a Locksmith's Laugh at Love

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

Pan-e-troon walked so quietly on his moccasins that not until he was beside the motor did the girl perceive him.

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE PASSIONATE Eskimo

PAN-E-TROON crawled out of the igloo, pushing away the nose of an inquisitive dog, and uttered in Lapp the equivalent of "Scram!" to the rest of the pack. He looked to see if the line of fish was safely out of their reach and then proceeded a hundred yards over the white surface to his father's hut.

The old man, his face the color of rawhide, looked at him imperturbably.

"Are you packed and ready?" he asked.

"All packed and ready."

"Good. We leave early in the morning. Most of the others are on the point of departure."

It was true. As far as the eye could reach, there were signs of dismantling and preparation, and the bustle and excitement that accompany it.

Pan-e-troon gazed for a moment with

ILLUSTRATION BY
DAN CONTENT

an expression of regret that confined itself, however, to his slitlike purple eyes. He was a small youth, but supple and well made—and the contours of his round nose and chin and cheeks gave him a perpetually cheerful expression. He gazed about him for a long time—he had come to like this locality.

"Old Wise One," he said to his father, "I want to go into Chicago."

His father started. "What?"

"For one last look."

"But by yourself?" demanded his father anxiously.

"Yes, Old Wise One. I can find my way around. I speak a lot of American now and if I get lost I only have to say, 'World's Fair.'"

The old man grunted.

"I don't like it. When we have a guide and are together, all right, but alone you'll get hurt, get lost."

"Old Wise One, I *must* go," said Pan-e-troon. "Here is the last chance before we start for our home. Home is very fine, doubtless—"

"Of course it is!" said his father indignantly.

Pan-e-troon bowed slightly and finished his sentence:

DECORATIONS BY
STEPHEN GROUT

"—and often in these hot months I have wished to be fishing through the ice, or hunting bear, or eating well cooked blubber. But—"

"But what?"

"I should like to carry back more memories of this great village. I should like to walk along the street not regarding what the guides tell us to regard but noticing for myself what I wish. I should like to go into a trading post and put down money and say, 'Here—give me that exchange for this'; and I should like to say to people, 'Which way, please? Much 'blige.'"

He was a silent young man and this was probably the longest speech he had ever made in his life.

"You are a fool!" grunted his father. But he knew Pan-e-troon, and opening his purse he took out a new silver quarter.

"Spend it carefully," he said. "Buy me some tobacco. And bring back what change there is."

Pan-e-troon bowed again.

"I shall indeed, Old Wise One."

HE hurried back to his igloo for a small cache of money of his own—a quarter, two dimes, and two pennies. The fortune jingled together pleasantly in his hand, where indeed he must hold it, for he wore the costume of the Arctic Circle. This was not as oppressive as it sounds in Chicago of a late October afternoon, for it had been especially made of the lightest skins for the purpose of display at the Fair.

He hesitated between his fur cap and a new straw hat which an admirer had given him, finally deciding on the latter.

Then he slipped the money into the top of a moccasin, and once more shouting "Scram!" at the dogs who were leaping at the line of fish, he walked out of the Eskimo village into the pleasance.

Immediately he had a following. Pan-e-troon was grown used to strange eyes, however, and they did not disturb him. He felt quite at ease, quite a part of the crowd, in his new straw hat, and he wished he had borrowed his father's new spectacles for additional decoration.

Walking through the rapidly disappearing midway, past Spaniards, Dutchmen, Mexicans, Chinese villagers (between whom and the Eskimos there was some strange jealousy of exhibitionism), Pan-e-troon reached Michigan Boulevard. He was happy, he was excited. He stopped now and then to stare into shop windows, but they held such a surfeit of charms as to be confusing. So with lingering sighs he went on in the direction of a tall building which he knew as one of the city's great department stores. He had gone through it with the other Eskimos several months before as part of a bus tour of the city.

First, though, he would get the tobacco of the Old Wise One off his mind, and he turned into a shop with pipes in the window.

The perspiring man in charge gave him immediate attention. Several men lounging in the store stared at him.

Pan-e-troon beamed. He had never made a purchase in America by himself.

"I give you something," he announced, "and you give *me* something."

The salesman glanced at the others and then back at Pan-e-troon.

"That's all right with me, brother. What do you want to give me?"

Pan-e-troon's grin grew wider.

"You not understand. I give *you* something—"

One of the lounging men helped out with:

"He wants to give you his straw hat, George."

"Well, I wish he'd make up his mind. I've got 'bout ten degrees hotter since *he* come in here."

Pan-e-troon shook his head regretfully but still smiled. Then he reached down into his moccasin and held out money.

"Here!" he said triumphantly. "I give you *this*—you give me *that*."

He pointed at the row of cans behind the man.

"Pipe tobacco?"

Pan-e-troon nodded.

"What kind?" The salesman named a few brands.

"One," said Pan-e-troon. "I give you something, you give me something."

THE salesman, unresourceful by nature, gave up. The man who had spoken came behind the counter to his assistance.

"Now, Robinson Crusoe, we got vely mely kinds, savvy?" He put several cans on the counter. "This is a dime; this is a quarter; this is imported, two dollars a pound. How much do you want to spend?"

Pan-e-troon looked at the array.

"One."

"All right. How much you got?" Pan-e-troon showed his money. "I guess you want the cheapest kind. This is a good dime tobacco."

"No more cheap, eh?" inquired Pan-e-troon.

"No more cheap."

"Much 'blige."

"All right. Don't set yourself on fire or melt down your house. Good-by."

"Good-by. I give you something—"

"I understand, and I give you something. All clear—even a banker could understand it."

Pan-e-troon proceeded along Michigan Boulevard toward the department store. He had made a purchase by himself—his heart glowed. Now he could get what he wanted. Reaching the store, he walked through the busy shuffle, looking at the counters and buying copies of Real Sleuths and Gangsters' Secrets, his favorite magazines. His true desire was on an upper floor, but his eye was

caught suddenly by an object on a counter. It was a lady—at least it was part of a lady—and she stood on a little pedestal with a short cape over her shoulders; her eyes were a bright blue and she had golden hair. Pan-e-troon beamed at her. Gently he touched her shoulder and then spoke to the saleswoman:

"I give you—"

Half hearing him, she looked at the tag on the cape and said:

"Two fifty-nine."

"What say?"

"Two dollars and fifty-nine cents."

He shook his head regretfully and passed on.

On the occasion of the bus tour the Eskimos had mounted by elevator and moving stairway; but he could find neither, so he walked up a flight and made the same thorough inspection of all the aisles. Luckily the department he sought was on the third floor—he recognized it immediately with a feeling of delight. It was the toy department.

"I want to buy airplane," he said to a saleswoman.

She confronted the strange spectacle with a start.

"You mean these toy ones, don't you? I remember now—you were all in here a few weeks ago."

She wound an elastic motor on a model and sent the model flier soaring around the room. Pan-e-troon watched in rapture.

"How much I give?" he asked.

"These? They are ninety-nine cents, marked down from a dollar fifty."

Ruefully Pan-e-troon surveyed his money.

"No can," he said. "Not give for this?"

"No, not give for that."

Though sorely disappointed, he met the debacle with a smile, as if it were the greatest joke in the world, and turned away. But something about him touched the woman.

"LOOK here, you. If that's all the money you got you'll get the most out of it at the five-and-ten. They may have little models, smaller than this."

"Five-and-ten?" he repeated blankly.

"There's one just around the corner." She called a bundle boy. "Earl, will you take this—this Eskimo around to the five-and-ten? He don't get the idea."

Earl eyed Pan-e-troon resentfully.

"Me be seen on the street with *that!*"

"Don't be yourself *all* the time—I'll fix it with Mr. Richards. Now, monseer, or whatever you call yourself, go along with this boy and he'll fix you up."

Presently he was deposited at the swarming entrance of the emporium. But he had hardly begun his wandering when his attention was caught by a counter piled high with locks of all kinds—padlocks, door locks, safety locks, tire locks—and he gave out a grunt of delight as he approached it.

Locks were his passion—in early boyhood he had come into possession of one from off a Russian steamer that had broken up on the ice. Toys were nonexistent, and he spent many an hour taking the lock apart and putting it together. Later a missionary gave him another, and another wreck yielded up a few more. This mechanical passion was entirely theoretical, due to the absence of doors on igloos; but the chests which his party had brought south were so thoroughly sealed that only Pan-e-troon, using twisted lengths of wire, was able to open them.

He bought a lock. He could have bought three with his remaining money, but he knew very well which were cheaply made and which were not.

He did not visit the toy department—he was too anxious to return to the Fair and take apart his new acquisition. He was happy—he had an urge to be borne somewhere, to be wafted about. He would take a ride in a trolley.

He rode for an hour, proud and happy. He gave the conductor five cents and the conductor gave him a ride; then he gave the conductor another five cents and the conductor gave him more of a ride.

Then in a traffic tangle at a crossing Pan-e-troon found his eyes fixing themselves with increasing interest outside the window.

IN a glittering underslung open car sat a girl. She was probably, not merely in his imagination, the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life—a ripply blonde who, had it been necessary, could have posed for any of those exquisite creatures in the advertisements. Her eyes were a little worried; so was her mouth.

Beside her was a morose-looking young man; but Pan-e-troon scarcely looked at the young man.

"She is a chief's daughter," he said to himself. "Doubtless the daughter of one of the greatest chiefs of all—ruler of one of the great trading posts."

Pan-e-troon sighed as the jam broke and the car started forward. Now he began ruminating instead of gazing. Home seemed very far away, very vast and white—but not as white as that girl's forehead. It was becoming plain to him this afternoon that he was not looking forward to going back.

After half an hour when he had concluded that it was time to be getting off, he saw the same car again. It was stopped by the side of the road, and the young man was in the act of removing one of the great bulbous tires—the girl leaning over the side and watching. The trolley clanged past, but before the next corner Pan-e-troon was on his feet, shouting:

"I out! Here I go out!"

On the corner Pan-e-troon waited until the trolley was out of sight. Then he walked back casually in the direction of the automobile.

He walked so quietly on his moccasins that not until he was beside the motor did the girl perceive him. She gave a sudden little gasp and the young man looked up, broke off his work, and stared.

"What is it?" the girl whispered. "It's almost an Eskimo."

"Well, what's he doing down here?"

"Look! He's got on a straw hat."

Pan-e-troon put his hands behind his back and beamed.

"I wonder if he knows anything about tires," the young man said. "Maybe he could stuff the hole with blubber or something, what?"

"You're not supposed to talk to me, Westgate. I keep my word." She lowered her voice. "But evidently this polar number is going to stick around."

The polar number was. When presently the wheel came off with a whirring wrench and went bouncing down the inclined street, Pan-e-troon tore after it, retrieved it, and brought it back to the car.

"Much 'blige," he said proudly.

"Don't mention it," said Edith Cary. "Where do you come from?"

"I from Lapland."

"What are you doing so far from home?"

"Worl'sfair," he explained.

"Then what are you doing way out here?" she pursued.

"See Chicago," he explained. "Eskimo village go Lapland tomorrow."

At this moment a coupé drew up beside Edith's car. At the wheel sat a ruddy man of forty with a bristling mustache.

Edith frowned just faintly, and Pan-e-troon, unable

to take his eyes from her, remarked upon the fact.

"Well, why the stop?" said the newcomer.

"We had a blowout."

The newcomer looked from Edith to the young man suspiciously.

"Well, as long as you're keeping your promise—as long as you're not letting him work on you."

"Humphrey, shut up!" said Edith impatiently. "By the way, since you're one of the executives of the Fair, you'll enjoy meeting Mr.—" She turned to the observer. "What's your name?"

"Name Pan-e-troon. That mean—"

"Mr. Pan-e-troon. He's in your show, Humphrey, and he's seeing the sights of our city."

"My God, how did he get off the reservation? We have more trouble rounding up these exhibits—they wander around and get fleeced and then we're to blame."

"I'm not going to fleece him, Humphrey. He has such beautiful fleece."

She felt a sympathy for the stranger in his wandering, but her sudden frown was not caused by that.

"Speaking of exhibits," she said, "I thought you were going to hold the—you know what—until the family get back."

"Well, that's tomorrow, isn't it? And the Fair's over."

"But I've no place to keep it—no combination for the safe. Since father lent it to the Fair, it seems to me it isn't much to ask—"

"I'll be staying at your house tonight—anyhow I wouldn't talk about it." Humphrey Deering glanced at Pan-e-troon. "You never can tell what disguises crooks will get up nowadays."

"Oh, no." Edith smiled at the Eskimo. "Mr. Troon's all right—in fact, I've taken a fancy to him."

The young man jacked the car down and put away the tools. Humphrey Deering's eyes fell on him unfavorably.

"You follow me out," he said. "But it seems to me that a man who once aspired to your hand would have more pride than to—"

"I had no place to go," declared Westgate, unperturbed. "I arrived here this morning without a dollar."

"Anyhow, he's a sort of cousin," said Edith.

But Humphrey Deering pursued stubbornly:

"In view of what he did"—he hesitated as Westgate flushed—"you ought to be chaperoned."

"Anything to please," said Edith. She turned to Pan-e-troon." Would you like to go to a big house in the country to spend the night?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Humphrey.

"I told you I'd taken a fancy to him."

"Well, don't put him in the doghouse—unless you want to start a distemper epidemic. He's probably worn those skins all summer."

PAN-E-TROON caught the gist of this and said indignantly: "These skins all clean. My father shoot; my aunt sew; I make clean."

Humphrey started his motor impatiently. With little difficulty Edith persuaded Pan-e-troon into the rumble seat.

"If you've never been inside an American house you'll have it to remember on those long, long nights up there."

"Nights very long," Pan-e-troon chuckled. "Six month."

"Six months," Edith repeated to Westgate. "Doesn't that melt your heart?"

"No, never melt," Pan-e-troon assured her. "Snow always."

When they started off he was sure neither of their destination nor of his right to go; but the quiet speed lulled him into reckless content. After an hour of open country they turned in at a gate and curved up a long drive to a great mansion.

In the portentous hall warriors in tin glared down at Pan-e-troon through eyeless helmets, and he took off his hat politely.

"Mr. Troon has no baggage, Christopher. Fit him out and all that. Then take his things and brush them—you understand?"

"If you'll follow me, Mr. Troon," sniffed Christopher.

When Pan-e-troon was alone in his room, he lay on the bed with his feet in the air, stuffed the pillow over his mouth, and roared. What a day! This was an adventure beyond his wildest dreams. Downstairs he found his hostess and Westgate in the library. Edith was more than ever radiant in a dinner dress of wine-colored velvet, and she greeted him with no less courtesy than if he had been the accredited ambassador from the North Pole. From the curios in the trophy room she sought out a sealskin drum, and he recognized on it the markings of a tribe neighbor to his own. Meanwhile she concluded what she was saying to Westgate:

"What we'll do is this. You slip on a tail coat, and put the thing into one of the tails, and have Christopher sew up the tail—and the thing is safe for the night."

"And sleep in the coat? That'd look just too natural to any burglar."

CHRISTOPHER appeared to say that two men were outside with a package to be delivered personally to Miss Cary. In a moment Edith came back, her eyes shining.

"I'm going to take a real look at this thing!" she exclaimed as she broke the seals. "I've never had my hands on it before."

From a box within a box she took an object wrapped in velvet—and uttered a little cry of delight. It was a circular setting of gold stuffed with alternate diamonds and rubies large as lumps of sugar. Going to the mirror, she put it on—and watched it settle down about her ears.

"Elizabeth the Second didn't bob her hair."

She showed it to Pan-e-troon.

"Very old—it belonged to a big lady chief a long time ago. It's worth a lot of money."

"Hund'ed dollar," he agreed.

"Many, many, many hundred dollars. Last summer some robbers came to the World's Fair and tried to steal it, but the police chased them away."

An exasperated groan came from the doorway, where stood Humphrey Deering:

"What's the idea, Edith? We keep a day and night guard on that exhibit for two seasons, and you wear it around as if it was a necklace from the five-and-ten!"

"I know five-and-ten," said Pan-e-troon eagerly. "I been five-and-ten. I give them something—they give me something. Look, I show you—I go get."

As he left the room Humphrey looked after him impatiently.

"How do you know who that fellow is?"

"Don't be unpleasant, Humphrey. Somebody ought to wear this—it's part of the responsibility of owning it. And as for Mr. Troon—well, I never heard of any rackets in the Arctic Circle."

Pan-e-troon returned and, simmering with joy, presented Edith with the lock he had bought that afternoon.

"I give you this," he bubbled, "you not give me *anything*. This free for you."

"Oh, I couldn't take it! Why, it's a lock—isn't it beautiful! I'll be able to lock up all my things with it."

"Yes!" he said excitedly. He pointed to the tiara of Elizabeth the Second, sloped awry upon her head. "Lock up and then no robbers can get. I show you."

"Good God!" snorted Humphrey.

As they went in to dinner, a wind that had been soughing through the leaves swelled in gusto; the front door swung open with a bang and a sharp breath of impending winter swept into the hall.

"Autumn's over," Edith mourned. "Shut the door, will you, Westgate?"

She shivered slightly as she sat down at the table, and sent upstairs for a cape. When the butler had left the dining room she took off the tiara and handed it to Westgate.

"Take this now—it makes me uncomfortable. And after dinner do what I said."

"What's that?" demanded Humphrey.

"He's going to keep it for me."

"Why not me?"

"I guess she thinks it's safer with some one in the family," said Westgate dryly.

"See here—I'm much *(Continued on page seventeen)*

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(Continued from page fourteen) closer to being in the family than you are."

Pan-e-troon, applying himself to the legerdemain of many forks, did not speak but watched their faces in turn. Stimulated by the unusual situation in which he found himself, he was doing much thinking. Here was a most valuable headdress. Here was a young man who did not have a dollar when he reached Chicago. Secondly, here was Miss Cary's fiancé, and he knew from the magazines he read that the least likely suspect was only too often the one most capable of villainy. And chiefly, here was the city of Chicago swarming with gangsters and criminals —and in it, defenseless against their wiles, was the goddess, Miss Cary.

She was a goddess. He had lit his small savage flame at her altar, and the minutes fanned it until Edith could feel its white heat cut through the candlelight. She loved to be loved, and she liked it that this odd little package from another zone should respond to her. She would have gone further to make him enjoy himself, save for the general unpleasantness of her own situation. That Westgate should come back just when she had yielded every point, when everything had been settled in a way to please her family!

She was glad when the dinner was over. She walked out on the front terrace for a moment.

"Come out here, Mr. Troon. There's a north wind and maybe you can feel your home in it."

"North wind say many thing."

"What does this one say?"

"Me, I don't know *big* say. My uncle he know. He know where fish, where hunt, where bad danger. Always he tell from north wind."

"Will you be glad to get home?"

He shook his head doubtfully and beamed as he always did when he spoke of adverse circumstances.

"Born poor race, poor people; work hard always."

It was growing colder. They went into the library for coffee.

Pan-e-troon picked up the drum again and began singing low in time to the strum of his fingers:

"Ben pay—en pay
Pane ina Kohna—
Ben pay—en pay
Pane ina Kohna—"

"What's he groaning about?" said Humphrey.

"It's some tribal song."

Pan-e-troon explained:

"This song is north wind when it mean danger. This here part about danger."

Westgate came downstairs in his tail coat, and took a chair very carefully indeed.

"I'm worth twenty thousand dollars as I sit," he said. "Do I look it?"

"I sing song about danger," announced Pan-e-troon.

"Sing it to yourself!" said Humphrey impatiently.

"No; go on—I like it," said Edith. Pan-e-troon continued soulfully:

"Em sto—poh bay
Em sto—poh bay
Pane ina Kohna—"

"Pain in a corner is right!" exclaimed Humphrey.

Pan-e-troon now launched into a gayer number as if to compete with the louder winds outside:

"Bik-bik-bik-bik
Ata-woona-woa
Bik-bik-bik-bik
Ooh—ooh—OOH!

"Magic song," he interpolated. *"Bik-bik-bik-bik—"* Humphrey threw up his arms desperately.

"This chink is driving me crazy! Can't you make him sign off?"

He went to the radio and turned it on, dialing to a loud band. Pan-e-troon's voice faded off.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

whose short stories appear regularly in all leading magazines, left Princeton in 1917 to join the war. His first novel, This Side of Paradise, registered a hit. The next month he married Zelda Sayre of Montgomery, Alabama. They are the parents of one daughter, Patricia.

"Don't you see you're boring us to death?" demanded Humphrey.

Pan-e-troon was aghast.

"Miz Cary no like?"

"No!"

Pan-e-troon laid down the drum and licked his lips.

"You no like because magic song," he said. "Somebody bad here no like magic song. It tell about danger."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Pan-e-troon have eyes to see. He see other eyes and they look at great fine headdress that cost many hund'ed dollar."

All three stared at him. Edith said mischievously:

"So that's it! I'm interested. Now that I think of it, Westgate could use the chaplet very nicely—and as for you, Humphrey, I haven't yet understood why it had to be delivered before father arrived."

Humphrey did not laugh.

"I explained that—"

"Never mind now. Tell us all, Pan-e-troon."

Westgate began taking off his coat.

"Here—I'm not wearing this thing."

"Nonsense, Westgate. Anyhow, it's Humphrey that Pan-e-troon really suspects."

"Why, the mangy yellow tramp!" cried Humphrey. "I ought to kick him out of this house."

THE Eskimo's eyes glinted on his.

"No kick Pan-e-troon," he said. He turned to Edith. "Sorry you no like song. I go way now. You keep lock. All much 'blige."

"But I *do* like—"

Laughing politely, yet with an air this time of not laughing at all, he ducked his head and hurried from the room.

"We can't let him go!" Edith cried. "You're absurd, Humphrey—as if he meant anything."

"Didn't he, though! And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he has his eyes on that tiara himself."

"Besides, it's getting colder outside and he probably can't find his way home."

"He'll find his way," said Humphrey. "Those people are like Indians."

But when after twenty minutes Pan-e-troon had failed to come downstairs, Edith stood up.

"I'm going to find him—he may be committing harakiri or something."

"More probably he's at your jewel box," said Humphrey.

"I'll go with you," Westgate offered.

"Then I'll go too."

"See here," said Westgate. "It seems to me it's going too far to extract a promise from a man and then watch him besides. I told you I wouldn't speak to Edith on personal matters unless you were within hearing distance."

"And I'm going to see that you don't. I don't want you harrowing her with any 'explanations' of your conduct last year."

"I've already—" Westgate broke off hopelessly. "What's the use?"

They went up to the east wing, where the three men had been installed. Wind was sweeping through the upper corridors, and Edith shivered as Westgate closed a window at the end of the gallery. She knocked on the door of Pan-e-troon's room, and at the touch it blew open with a bang.

His hat and his magazines were gone; the room was empty.

"I'll bet he crawled out the window," Humphrey said. "And I'm going to look in my room and see if he took my silver brushes with him."

A moment later he called:

"No, here they are—" Humphrey's voice broke off as his own door slammed suddenly shut.

"Say, what is this?" he called a moment later. "Are you doing anything funny to that door, Westgate?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, it won't open. Is there a key out there?"

"No."

The knob was manipulated from both sides without success.

"You're locked in all right," said Westgate, and added consolingly, "Anyhow, it's nearly bedtime."

"Like fun I'll stay locked up here all night! I'll—"

Westgate took off his coat and handed it to Edith.

"Now, when I say 'Hep!' you shove, Humphrey, and I'll pull, and we'll see what we can do. It may just be jammed. All ready? Hep!"

At the word Westgate's body hit the door again, and Humphrey pulled at the knob—whereupon it came off neatly in the latter's hand and he sat down violently.

"There's a door between the two bedrooms," suggested Edith. "We'll try that."

They went into Westgate's room. There too the window was inexplicably open, and hardly had they crossed the threshold when the door blew shut behind them. Westgate jumped to the knob and then groaned:

"This one's jammed too! This is getting phony."

Humphrey's voice reached them through the wall in a muffled roar:

"Whah you boo boom? Onagona—"

"We're locked in too!"

The door between the two bedrooms was to be as unamenable to persuasion as the others. Westgate looked out the window.

"Wouldn't these rooms be sure to have gratings?"

"Father was afraid of kidnapers." She raised her voice. "Humphrey, there's a ventilator over the door. We can talk through that."

They heard him moving furniture to stand on; a moment later his voice reached them clear and wild:

"If you think I'm going to stand for this! If you think I don't know—"

"Humphrey, we're just as helpless as you are."

"Then who did it? Doors don't lock themselves."

"Looks like the Eskimo."

"Ring your call bell, Humphrey," said Edith. "I've tried this one, but it must be broken."

Westgate sat down and considered.

"Somebody wanted us to be locked in our rooms tonight," said Westgate. "That's all I can make out."

"What I want to know is what you two are doing," demanded Humphrey.

"Oh, we're dancing nose to nose," said Westgate disgustedly. "To a new tune called Pain in a Corner. Ever hear it?"

"I mean, what are you talking about? I hope you're not trying to explain—"

"You can hear every word we say."

"I don't call this hearing."

"You're using your ears, aren't you?"

"But I have to stand on top of a chair on top of a sofa—"

"I didn't promise anything about a chair and sofa—"

"Sh—sh!" Edith whispered suddenly. "There's some one outside the door, walking very quietly."

"Hey, you!" cried Westgate. "Who's that? We want to get out of here!"

THERE was no answer, but the shuffle of footsteps continued. Then they both started as they saw the handle of the door turn very quietly, turn back into place.

"Who's that?" Westgate cried. "Hands up or I fire!"

As he was unarmed and had no means of knowing whether or not his commands were obeyed, his threat was somewhat superfluous. The footsteps lisped off and died away.

"Well, if it was a burglar at least he can't get the—" Westgate broke off. "Say, where's my coat? I gave it to you."

"Your coat!" Edith uttered a little cry. "I dropped it in the hall."

Westgate sat down and whistled.

"What's that?" cried Humphrey.

"Tell him," Westgate said, "that it's the first bars of the Miserere." . . .

An hour passed very quietly, save when from time to time a haggard voice came through the ventilator:

"You're not whispering, are you?"

"No!"

"It isn't fair that I should have to stand here."

"Then why don't you go to sleep? That's what we're trying to do."

"While you make up some fool explanation for Edith? I know it's something you don't want me to hear, something just as disgraceful—"

Another hour waned while Edith dozed on the bed and Westgate stretched on the settee. Then, as if a church clock striking in the village was a signal, a cry, followed by a crash, came from the other room. Westgate sprang to his feet.

"He's down!" he exclaimed. "Poor old Humphrey. Now I can talk. Listen, Edith, and listen quick."

"Yes," she said in a frightened voice; "I'm listening."

"It wasn't me who was sued for breach of promise—it was my father. I let people think it because he was senile and I wanted him to die with a good name. I've only just finished paying off his bills. Now if there's anything fancy about that explanation—"

"What is it?" cried Humphrey, who had painfully regained his perch. "Here I have a nasty fall and you take advantage of it—" He broke off at a curious hushed sound. "What is it, Edith?" he cried, despairing.

"Oh, Humphrey, can't a girl cry?"

"Anyhow, it's another day," said Westgate.

"Not until dawn."

"All right, then."

After that there was no sound at all from the room except the occasional squeaking of a wicker settee. Westgate and Edith were keeping their promise.

AT the crack of dawn they got the attention of a farmer outside and in half an hour they were free. But the coat was gone from the hall, and with it the tiara was gone—and Pan-e-troon.

"I still can't believe it," protested Edith. "But if he took it he'll be easy to find."

"I don't know—it might have been a clever disguise." Deering looked at Westgate. "A clever inside job."

They were making a cursory tour of the place in the early light, and now they started at a cry from the farmer, who had opened the door of the little icehouse.

Inside, where quarters of beef and mutton swung from hooks, Pan-e-troon was just raising himself sleepily from a pile of sawdust.

"Good morning," he said, grinning. And then, as the men advanced toward him menacingly, "No be mad today. Pan-e-troon sorry. He no think you bad men now."

"But we think you are!" thundered Humphrey. "Where's the coronet?"

"I got it. That's why I fix door so you locked up in room. I think you bad men maybe. But now no—I catch *real* bad man. Put him here for cool off. I only half good detect," grinned Pan-e-troon. "I forget lock his door too. But when I make march round and round the big house I see him come out with black coat. Then we have big hit fight and I take headdress."

"I see," said Westgate. He turned to Edith. "Then Christopher did answer the call bell—but when he saw the coat in the hall he saw his opportunity."

Pan-e-troon stretched. "I sure danger was there," he said. "Now I go Lapland today."

"Just once before you go we want you to render Pain in a Corner for the special benefit of Mr. Humphrey Deering," Westgate said.

But Pan-e-troon was the son of many chiefs and he had too much dignity to be kidded.

"That fine song in my country. That mean danger." . . .

Pan-e-troon's visit to Chicago is handed down in the annals of his tribe, though the Eskimo version differs a little—the Cary estate, for instance, did not break off from the mainland and float out into Lake Michigan, with Westgate and Edith perched upon it. And as Pan-e-troon is entirely a gentleman his wife will never know that part of his devotion is reserved for a princess of the fabled trading posts in the far away.

THE END

OUT AMONG THE PEOPLE WENT THAT FAMOUS DETECTIVE—

GATHERING, SIFTING, PILING UP EVIDENCE ABOUT G3—HIMSELF TRAILED BY A REPORTER WHO COVERED THE STORY FOR YOU.

Traveled over 7,000 miles—used latest scientific crime-detection methods—investigated hundreds of tires—to check up on claim of 43% longer non-skid mileage

(EDITORIAL NOTE: *We believe the man who pays out his good money for any product wants to read advertising based on something more than imagination and a good dictionary. Guided by this belief, we first introduced the now famous "G-3" All-Weather by presenting evidence of its performance taken straight from Goodyear test-fleet records. Now we carry our search for authentic evidence even farther by hiring a famous former operative from the New York Detective Bureau, and present Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission to find out how this tire is behaving on owners' cars. Here is the true story of what he discovered, written for you by an ace reporter who went along.*)

by JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

Get this picture if you can.

Three men pushing across the country—zigzagging down the east coast in a mud-spattered, dust-streaked car as far as Georgia—out through the corn belt country—heading down through New Mexico and Arizona, over the Rockies to the west coast—

—on the greatest tire-hunt in history!

Number One man of that trio was Joseph A. Faurot.

He's a detective—and a great one—whether he's on the trail of a mobster, a bank robber, or a tire.

"Fingerprint Faurot" they used to call him in the New York Detective Bureau. He's the man who introduced fingerprinting and the Bertillon system to America.

President Litchfield of Goodyear giving instructions to Inspector Faurot

Goodyear had gone to Faurot with this strange assignment:

"Find out what our "G-3" tire is doing. How it is treating the public. Whether it is living up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage. What people think of it after a year or more of use. How it rates in safety."

One mystery leads to another

That name "G-3" probably is familiar to you.

Just about a year ago it broke into print as the answer to the tread wear mystery.

All tires—even Goodyears—had been wearing too fast—and nobody knew why.

It had the tire industry stumped, till Goodyear engineers found the reason—the increased speed, quicker pick-up, more powerful brakes on modern cars.

...evidence as an impartial detective gathered it

"G-3" happened to be the laboratory symbol of the winning design among hundreds of new treads tested by grueling punishment in the search for a safer, longer-wearing non-skid tread.

So they took the "G-3" All-Weather tire out on the road—put it on test-fleet cars—and gave it the works.

"Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes. Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes. Keep it up straight around the clock!"

Those were the historic orders given to the drivers—and out of that third degree came the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather with clear title to the claim of *43% longer non-skid mileage.*

Measured by sales records, "G-3" was a whale of a success.

But, knowing how that tire stood upon the test fleets wasn't enough for Goodyear. The next question was—"how is it standing up on owners' cars, in actual use?"

So Joseph A. Faurot, a news photographer, and your humble reporter hit the "G-3" trail.

How the evidence piled up!

There's a great story in the way the evidence was gathered.

We've trailed salesmen on their routes—followed country doctors through mud and ruts—prodded around in parking lots—cross-examined tire-repairmen and gas station attendants—put the calipers on hundreds of treads and gauged them right down to a thousandth of an inch—taken bales of tread "footprints."

The full transcript of all evidence turned in would fill a book. But let's boil it down to run-of-mine examples like these:

"Case No. 79. Tire No. 5015729K. *Mileage on date of investigation, 11,973. condition of tread, excellent—obviously good for thousands of miles more non-skid mileage. Owner, salesman. Drives 18,000 miles a year, mostly on city streets, frequent stopping and starting. Balance of driving, country roads, 55 miles an hour and over, Other tires on car, competitive make, retreaded. Owner estimates "G-3" will give almost 100% longer non-skid mileage."*

"GREENSBORO, N. C. *Warehouse representative, travels all through south, Mileage, 29,872 on "G-3" tires all around. Tread design gone in center. Owner admits he burns up the road, says "G-3" non-skid mileage exceeds former tires by 50% or more."*

"DETROIT, MICH. *"G-3" mileage 33,608, tread shows wear, but former tires, of another make, were slick at 15,000 miles."*

"TOPEKA, KANS. *11,630 on "G-3" right front wheel. Tread getting smooth, but owner admits he is 'hardest driver in town.' Has worn out two sets of brake linings. Speedometer reading 21,929."*

• • •

That's typical evidence—as an impartial detective gathered it, and a man trained to get the news set it down for you.

But that's only half the story—the other half is the extra endurance, extra comeback of *Supertwist* cord in the body of the "G-3"—the patented Goodyear feature which makes this heavier, broader, longer-wearing non-skid tread a complete success, and puts a defense against blowouts in every ply.

Inside and out, this "G-3" All-Weather combines what you're looking for in tires—the safety of *grip in the center of the tread* where you need it for quick, sure-footed stops—the safety of *Supertwist* in every ply—and the extra toughness, extra endurance, extra rubber in the tread that means more miles of non-skid safety at no extra cost.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire

AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Look at Canada!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

LOOK at Canada!" was the war cry of America's Tories when the New Deal got under way and began to make business keep within the speed limits and stop for red lights. "There's a country for you! Sturdy British common sense! No socialistic monkeyshines! Rugged individualism! No NRA or AAA for them! No regimentation! No tinkering with currency!"

Up until the beginning of 1935 our bankers and business men were casting sheep's eyes at the great British Dominion to the north, where there is no Antitrust law, where branch banking is legal, where the Canadian Pacific Railway operates ships and hotels, and where the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Mounted Police are names to conjure with. In fact several clever corporation lawyers in New York have been making a tidy business for themselves by shifting frightened American bank accounts northward for "safety."

Look at Canada! The only trouble with all this was that Canada was and is far more "socialistic" than the United States ever thought of being, even under the New Deal.

Government ownership? The Canadian government owns and operates the Canadian National Railways—the largest single railway system in Canada. Runs them as a business enterprise and runs them very well.

Electric utilities? The power rates in eastern Canada were so much lower than the rates charged in northern New York for the same power that the comparison started Roosevelt off on his present power policy.

Devaluation of the dollar? The Canadian dollar has been devalued right along with the British pound sterling and the United States dollar, so that it exchanges at par. There's no shrieking in Canada about the "gold clause" and no Supreme Court to overrule Parliament.

Central Bank? Canada has one, created last year.

New Deal? Social security? The Prime Minister of Canada, Richard B. Bennett, has come out flat-footed for a program of reform that makes Washington look like an amateur debating society. And Mr. Bennett is a Conservative. He is a man of sixty-four who has spent thirty years of his life as a corporation lawyer, a member of boards of directors, and a political leader. He has looked about him and has decided that the old order is gone and that "the time has come for a radical change in the policy of the Government." "I am for reform," he said in announcing his new policy. "And, in my mind, reform means government intervention. It means government control and regulation. It means the end of laissez faire. Reform heralds certain recovery. There can be no permanent recovery without reform."

Before Mr. Bennett made his move there wasn't any one willing to bet a plugged nickel on the chance that his Conservative party would be returned to power at the election which must be held this summer. The Liberals, led by Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie King, were already counting their victory as certain, and the Prairie provinces were rallying behind a new political movement called the Canadian Commonwealth Federation, which supported policies similar to those of the Midwestern Republican Progressives.

The Conservative Government looked hopelessly defeated, but Mr. Bennett's brother-in-law, William Duncan Herridge, was Canadian representative at Washington. Herridge told Bennett of the course of New Deal policy and the American November elections informed him of its political success. So the Conservatives decided

Keystone View photo

Richard B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, whose program outdoes President Roosevelt's New Deal; and, above, the Canadian Parliament buildings in Ottawa.

Wide World photo.

to make a clean break with the past. Immediately political observers noted a tremendous improvement in the Conservative chances and, whatever the outcome of the election, the Bennett program is there to stay. It is being made into law as these words are written.

As outlined in Mr. Bennett's whirlwind radio campaign before the opening of Parliament, it will include:

Uniform minimum wages and maximum working week for labor throughout Canada.

The end of emergency relief by unemployment insurance. The abolition of the dole which is "a condemnation, final and complete, of our economic system."

Old age pensions, health, accident and sickness insurance, to serve with unemployment insurance as a triple barrier against economic insecurity.

Better credit arrangements for the farmers, including fuller use of the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act.

A complete reorganization of the civil service.

The creation of an "economic supreme court" of the sort suggested by our own Secretary of Agriculture

An Eye Opener for Die-Hards Who Envy Its "Conservatism"—In Reality, It Is Setting the Pace for F. D. R.'s New Deal!

by JAY FRANKLIN

Wallace, to be known as the Economic Council of Canada.

The extension and improvement of the Marketing Act—which corresponds roughly to the Triple-A at Washington—so as to help the producer to get better prices for raw materials without gypping the consumer.

Reform of business practices, of investment and securities operations, including the abolition of the right of a Canadian corporation to issue stock of no par value.

Continuation of the Bank of Canada as a Central Bank.

This bank enabled the Canadian government to convert its debt, interest rates being lowered. It also cheapened credit so greatly that the two largest mortgage companies in Canada now lend money to private borrowers at 5½ per cent. Compare that with the cost of real estate mortgages in the United States! "The Central Bank is an instrument of control," Mr. Bennett pointed out. "It is . . . charged with the responsibility of seeing that the volume of credit available in the country does not solely depend on the working of competitive business forces. . . . *It is designed to be an instrument of social justice.*"

SO the Canadians have taken the plunge for government ownership, regulation, and control; and are ready to change the profit system as much as is necessary to make it work. They are not afraid of names in Canada.

The chimes of the Ottawa Parliament building still peal harmoniously over the city, but heads are shaken in the stately Rideau Club across the way and the wires buzz to New York and London. "Canada is going New Deal," the wires whisper. "Can't you stop it? How about the British North America Act? How about—? How about—?" But the Liberals, who might be used to block it, are themselves in favor of it.

The Bennett campaign has just begun. His argument is simple. "Free competition and the open market place have lost their place in the system, and the only substitute for them is government regulation and control. The economic system must be reformed."

He adds that he will reform it despite "unconscionable monopolistic purchasers, middlemen and distributors—economic parasites. . . . It is difficult to name a time when reactionary interests have not sought to block progressive measures by the specious argument that by them personal liberty was endangered."

In order to end child labor, sweatshops, slave wages, crushingly long hours, inequality of benefits, low prices to the producer, high prices to the consumer, insecurity and unemployment, the government proposes, in Mr. Bennett's words, to end "the freedom of business, the noninterference of government in business, the unhampered functioning of the profit system, the unimpeded and uncontrolled operations of capitalism"; for these mean government control by business and "when capitalism controlled the modern state, the result was Fascism."

This sounds like something real. Bennett means business. And we are now in the position of imitating the Canadians.

THE END

Editor's Note: Mr. Franklin's viewpoint in this article is his own and is that of an ardent New Dealer. He will, no doubt, find many readers to disagree with him.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Miles was waiting when Elsa came down, and she went past him and cut the water with a dive.

Cinderella's Sunday

WHENEVER Elsa escaped from the office and from the disturbing presence of Miles Torrance, her perspective and her sense of humor returned. Then she harangued herself unmercifully for a simpering witless mooncalf. You're twenty-six, she reminded herself; fairly good-looking and intelligent—if I do say so; and here you are, all a-dither over a man who's not only your employer but also a married man with two children. For heaven's sake, act your age!

And it always worked—until the next morning. Then Miles Torrance would burst into the office, radiating health and enthusiasm and cleanliness, and her resolution would sneak back home and wait for her. He's so devilishly vital, she thought in despair; and he *smells* so darned good: soap and leather and English cigarettes.

The remarkable thing about Miles Torrance was that he was self-made: he'd begun in a little Georgia town, with cotton seeds in his hair, and ended as junior partner in one of Atlanta's most successful law firms. He had married into the Social Register and an unchallenged position at the top of the social ladder. His English and his manners were as perfect as his clothes: far more correct than those of people who had been born at the top. He was extremely good-looking in an aggressive male way: tall and thick-shouldered, with a square jaw and carefully brushed dark hair. Altogether, Elsa had summed him up a thousand times: a dangerous man to work for—and if she lost her job with him she'd lie down, with a lily in her hand, and wait for the blessed release. . . .

Of course Miles Torrance knew nothing of all this. Outwardly Elsa was cool and dark and competent; it was only inside, and in his presence, that she had wide blue eyes and long golden curls. Dave McCord was the only person who had guessed it. But Dave was the same way about her, which gave him an inside track in the matter of guessing. He had even dared—Dave would dare anything under heaven—to rally her about it.

"You're in a regular fever about that stuffed egg, aren't you?" he had demanded one night, quite out of the blue.

Elsa stiffened and her eyes darkened dangerously. "He's not a stuffed egg! And do I act like a woman with fever?"

Dave scowled. "He is. And to my expert eye you do."

Which was outrageous, coming from Dave. Where Miles Torrance had begun as an outsider and fought his way into the sun, Dave had been born in a bright glare and coasted blithely into the surrounding shadows. He had been expelled from all the best schools; had declined a berth in his father's bank to enlist as a cub reporter. Ten years later he was the best newspaperman in Atlanta. But Elsa knew from experience that all newspapermen were a bit mad. She had often speculated futilely as to whether the profession made them that way, or whether madmen were the only ones who embraced it.

And so she retaliated, trying hard to be cool and casual: "Considering where he started and where he's gone, aren't you being a bit green-eyed?"

She accented the pronouns just enough to carry a hint of insult, and Dave caught it. Dave never missed anything; but then, that was Dave's business.

He slumped a little deeper into her couch. "Green-eyed, hell! Of course you wouldn't know it, but I'm as good in my line as he is in his."

She smiled dangerously. "But where do you go from there, darling?"

That told. She could see his thin face change.

"If you'd go ahead and marry me," he said wryly, "I'd have time to finish that damn book. It's good and you

Love Is Blind, They Say, but Sometimes Its Eyes Are Opened . . . Here Is the Poignant Story of One Girl's Awakening

by MARIAN SIMS

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON

know it. But I live in a constant state of mental and physical upheaval, and I spend all my off hours trying to convince you that I'm not a bad risk after all."

She flushed, because all of it was true. The book was good—devilishly good. And Dave, in his erratic brutally frank way, had loved her for three years. Probably he felt as wretched about her as she felt about Miles Torrance. She put out her hand impulsively.

"You're a darling and I'm sorry. Let's skip it."

He disregarded the hand and kissed her instead; not casually, as he often did, but roughly, almost angrily. She wondered, unhappily, how Miles Torrance would kiss a woman. . . .

A breathless Saturday morning in July. Elsa typed an interminable brief (why in heaven's name do they call them "briefs"? she wondered) and thought of blue water at the foot of green mountains. Miles Torrance had a summer place at Lake Eden, two hours away in the Blue Ridge, and he would be leaving very soon to spend the week end with his family. She wondered if Irene Torrance really appreciated having Miles come home to her.

The buzzer sounded and she jumped up, stopping for the barest second to powder her nose. In this heat one's nose acquired an almost dazzling sheen.

AS she walked into his office he looked up and smiled, with a flash of beautiful healthy teeth. There was nothing personal in the smile; he offered it to the world from a full heart and a sunny disposition. Only, it stopped Elsa's breath for an instant.

She said, "You rang, Mr. Torrance?" and thought, What an asinine question! He ought to say: "No, you idiot, I telepathed you."

But he nodded and waved her to a chair. His office was in perfect taste, and she had often wondered whether its costly restraint was a result of his own planning or his wife's.

"Yes." He frowned ruefully, managing to make her a partner to his displeasure and not its object. "The Whitfield will case is going over into next week. From all appearances, it's going on forever, like that brook of Tennyson's." He tossed the allusion off casually.

He'd been in court for five days on the Whitfield case. Unanswered letters lay like drifted snow in his files.

Elsa sighed in sympathy. "That means we'll never catch up on correspondence, doesn't it?" There was a certain forlorn comfort in thinking of Miles Torrance and herself as "we."

He stared thoughtfully at the letters. "I was wondering. It's so beastly hot in town, I thought perhaps you'd be willing to run up to the lake with me over the week end, where we could work in comfort, with time out occasionally for a swim. Of course you could take a day off next week."

Elsa's heart raced. Blue water and green mountains and—Miles Torrance. He wondered if she would mind!

She made her voice casual: "I'd be glad to, of course. Getting cool would be enough, even if we worked all day and night."

He smiled his relief. "That's settled, then. Suppose we get an early lunch and get started immediately afterward. I'll phone Irene you're coming."

She had promised to have dinner with Dave tonight. Dave was shadowy and far away, but she would have to call him and explain. If he insisted on substituting lunch for dinner, she'd have to agree, merely to pacify her conscience. She said casually:

"I'll have to run out and pack a bag, and I might as well get something at the apartment, to save time. Do you mind picking me up there?"

Miles Torrance didn't at all mind, he said heartily. She went back to her own desk and rang up Dave.

Dave was uncanny. Before she had even begun her explanation he said resignedly: "I can tell from the affectionate conciliatory tone that you're gettin' ready to stand me up."

She told him about it carefully, forcing regret into her voice. Dave cut her short:

"Of course you're all broken up over it, sweetheart. I understand."

His voice was curt and unhappy, and it managed, somehow, to temper her delight. She said uncertainly:

"I hoped you'd have lunch with me anyhow, and drive me out home."

How women loved to fool themselves, she thought. She was pretending that this would be a treat for Dave, when actually she was using him! And of course Dave knew it. He hesitated, and then gave in.

"Of course I will—poor, frail reed that I am. About half past twelve, if that's agreeable?"

She noticed, over luncheon, that Dave looked drawn and tired. He's such a darling, she realized unhappily. What makes women so damnably perverse? There must be a dozen women in Atlanta who'd give an arm to get him, and all I can do is sit here and be sorry for him—and cry for the moon.

She said impulsively: "Dave, you're working too hard. Why can't you take a vacation?"

He grinned at her mirthlessly. "It's not work, my sweet. It's — er — financial worry. My investments, you know."

Dave had never had an investment in his life. He made six or seven thousand a year and spent every cent the week before it came in. She tried to laugh at him.

"You wouldn't kid me, mister?"

He frowned. "I wish to God I could." Then he chuckled. "What a whirl *you'll* have! You might even be able to dent that crust of complacency, up there in God's great outdoors."

That made her angry, chiefly because the same thing had occurred, unbidden, to her. She said coldly:

"Of course I'll do my best."

The sarcasm fell flat. That was one thing that made Dave so deadly: no intelligent woman wanted to marry a man who saw through her like that. Dave McCord's wife would never be able to call her thoughts her own.

He chuckled. "I know damn well you will. Only I hope you don't succeed, because—in your own classic words—'where do you go from there, darling?'"

She flushed and wished somebody had pinched off Dave's head when he was an infant. He had no business going around stripping the clothes off people's minds this way. She rose with a great deal of dignity.

"This isn't getting us anywhere. I've got to go and pack."

HE paid the check and steered her to his disreputable car. "Be sure and put in your white bathing suit," he said as he helped her in, "and that black chiffon dinner dress. If they don't bring out the best in a man, nothing will."

She looked icily at him. "This is a business trip, you evil-minded bum."

But she had already wondered, an hour ago, whether the black dress needed pressing. And the ghastly part of it was that Dave probably knew she had. She wrapped herself in a remote silence during the drive, and got out of the car before he could open the door.

"Don't bother. I've got to run."

He didn't say anything for a minute: he just sat, with his thin brown hands gripping the wheel. Then he grinned.

"You're so damn lovely, Else, and you've got so much horse sense—most of the time. Try to use it, won't you?"

Before she could find a sufficiently crushing retort he had thrown the car in gear and lunged away. . . .

Miles Torrance's car was as high-powered and polished as Miles himself. Elsa sank into her corner with a little sigh of pleasure, and felt the rush of warm city air against her face.

He smiled at her appreciatively. "This is the first time I've seen you—unofficially. That's a keen hat you're wearing."

Privately Elsa thought it was pretty keen herself. That was why she'd worn it. She smiled back.

"I'm trying to combine business with pleasure. I hope you don't mind."

"I should say I don't! It's one of my rules to leave business at the office, where it belongs. No need to think about it again until tomorrow morning."

THAT was more than she had dared to hope for. She'd warned herself that he would probably retire to his study immediately after dinner and begin dictating letters. But she had brought the black chiffon anyway, just in case.

The city dropped away, and green fields, dust-covered, raced toward them. Miles Torrance drove skillfully and very fast, his perfectly kept hands relaxed on the steering wheel. They talked lazily—about golf and politics and books. Elsa was pleased and amazed that so busy and so popular a man could still find time for books. He had even read Anthony Adverse, although he seemed a little vague about some of the parts that had so thrilled her.

"It's been a long time since I read it," he explained. "Right after it came out."

She laughed. "I held off for over a year. I have a terrible prejudice against best sellers—merely because everybody's reading 'em, I suppose; or a superior sort of feeling that if so many people like them they can't possibly be good."

He maneuvered the car, with a split-second margin, between a wagonload of hay and an approaching truck. "I don't know. In the crowd I associate with you have to read them while they're hot. Three months later they're ancient history."

It struck her as a peculiar reason for reading a book; but then, she realized, she didn't associate with his "crowd." She probably would have, if her father hadn't been among the first burnt offerings of 1929.

The country was changing. Cotton fields had given way to apple and peach orchards—rows and rows of marching trees. Mountains appeared, dim as wash drawings, in the distance. The air felt cooler—cleaner.

"I'm glad for you to see our place," Miles Torrance was saying. "We've got a pretty nice sort of shack up here."

She was glad—with a defensive sort of gladness—that Dave hadn't heard that remark. To depreciate an estate like the Torrances' as a "nice little shack" was, in Dave's opinion, the crassest sort of vulgar swank. But then,

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

PORCUPINES do not "shoot" their quills. A porcupine's quills are for defensive, not offensive, purposes. The popular idea that a porcupine can "shoot" or propel its quills for some distance probably arose from the fact that often when erecting the quills for defense a few loose ones drop out, as they do when the animal slaps its tail.

THE LIBERTY BELL was not cracked in 1776. The Liberty Bell was cast in London in 1752. After being brought to America and hung, it was found to be cracked. It was then recast twice and was not again cracked until it was tolled for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall in 1835.

A CHILD should not be taught to toe out when learning to walk. A child should be taught to walk with the toes straight ahead. There is a tendency for those who toe out to have weak arches.

A RATTLESNAKE'S age cannot be told by the number of rattles. A rattlesnake sheds its skin from two to three times a year, and each shedding uncovers a new ring segment, or rattle. Therefore it would be more nearly correct to count two or three rattles as indicating one year of age, rather than to count each rattle as one year—which is the commonly accepted idea. However, even this is not accurate, for often the snake loses some of the rattles either through accident or wear.

INFLUENZA is not a comparatively new disease. Influenza did not originate during the World War. It has been known for centuries, some medical histories indicating that it was prevalent as early as 412 B.C. The first American epidemic was in 1647. The reason it was known during the World War period as Spanish influenza is that it was first noted in Spain at that time.

Elsa realized, nobody on earth held such ridiculous views as Dave—fortunately!

She said eagerly: "I'm glad, too. Every one says it's lovely."

He looked pleased. "And you haven't seen my kiddies, either."

His kiddies. Dave's ghostly laughter was borne to her on the rushing wind.

She turned her back on it contemptuously and let him tell her about his kiddies.

His dark eyes shone, and she thought again that he was the most compelling personality she had ever encountered.

They were among the mountains finally, and he had turned from the highway into a narrow rocky clay road.

"There's been some agitation about fixing up this road," he explained casually, "but I've fought it. Make it too easy for tourists and sight-seers to get in here and overrun the place."

He *doesn't* care about swanking for a curious public, she thought; he prefers enjoying his estate in complete privacy.

She caught glimpses of homes with their backs to the road, and stretches of green-velvet lawns dropping away to the water's edge. Occasionally the lake flashed cobalt through a vista of trees, serene and shining, cupped by the mountains in the hollow of their hands.

She felt exhilarated—a little drunk with beauty and almost forgotten luxury.

Will I ever, she wondered desperately, overcome my hankering for the fleshpots?

HE turned the car into a driveway, and two wire-haired terriers boiled out of a kennel and set up a frantic chorus of welcome.

A Negro manservant appeared, flashing white teeth at them, and took the bags.

The house was cream brick, wide and rambling and terraced. At the end of the pier a big mahogany speedboat rode at ease. Oh, my heavens! Elsa thought wildly. Why didn't I break a leg or something? I'll never be satisfied again this side of paradise.

Irene Torrance met them in the hall and welcomed Elsa with a casual cordiality that held no trace of condescension, then submitted to her husband's fervent embrace.

Elsa had seen her several times at the office, and broken a commandment or two over her perfect finish.

Now she hated her anew for the inadequacy of her response to Miles Torrance.

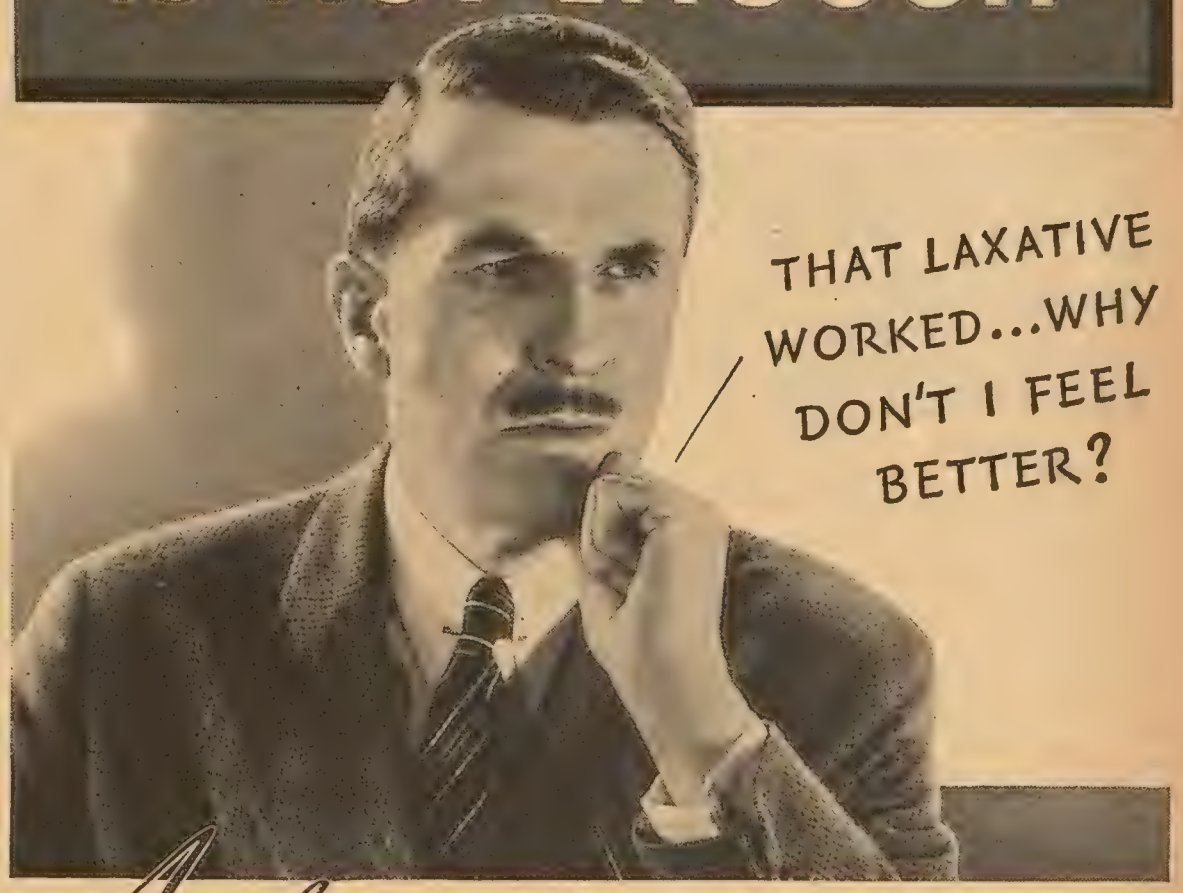
Maybe, Dave's voice said in her ear, she doesn't care for being caressed like that before an outsider?

Go to hell! Elsa told the voice, and turned to follow Irene to her room.

On the terrace outside Miles Torrance was shouting:

He doesn't know that

LAXATIVE ACTION IS NOT ENOUGH



Acidity **ACCOMPANIES CONSTIPATION**

... IT ALSO MUST BE *corrected!*

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WHY IS IT that although a good laxative relieves constipation, it so often fails to make you *feel* better? Why does it frequently fail to relieve the headaches . . . the listlessness . . . the stomach upsets and other disagreeable effects of constipation?

Why? Because ordinary laxatives are designed *only* to cleanse the system. They are not designed to correct the systemic acidity that accompanies constipation and aggravates the resulting troubles.

But Sal Hepatica, unlike the usual laxative, does BOTH—gives prompt laxative action *and* counteracts your acid condition.

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All you do is to take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Thoroughly, yet gently, wastes and poisons are flushed away . . . your system cleansed in an easy, natural manner.

And, at the same time, the alkaline reaction of this mineral salt laxative begins to correct your acidity . . . to build up your alkaline reserve to normal. And then . . . how much better you feel—clear-headed, energetic, more alive!

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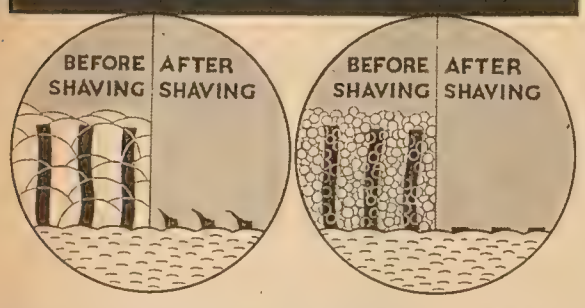
SAL HEPATICA

LOOK AT THESE BUBBLE PICTURES

They explain Colgate's

SKIN-LINE SHAVE



MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard. Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. The beard is only half-wilted.

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your razor's work easy.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream sure gives a close shave! And no smart—no pull—no burn!
RIGHT! "Once over" is enough because the beard comes off at the skin-line.
COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

"Junior! Sally! Come here and see your daddy."

Irene paused in Elsa's door. "It's five now. Dinner's at seven. Miles will probably take a swim, if you care for that; and I've got to take the boat and run up the lake for some last-minute food, if you care for that. The run, I mean; not the food!"

Elsa was trapped. You couldn't say to Irene, "I'd rather go swimming with your husband, if you don't mind."

She lied gallantly:

"I can swim at home, but I can't ride in boats like yours. I'd love to go with you."

Irene smiled swiftly, and Elsa felt an unwilling response. She's nice, she realized reluctantly, and as friendly as if she'd invited me herself. Darn it all, anyway!

"Then I'll wait until you've had a shower and changed," Irene said. "There's plenty of time."

Miles Torrance was in the water when they went down the pier, with a splashing, shrieking "kiddie" on each arm.

He threw them a damp beaming smile.

"Be careful about traffic," he called. "Walking home isn't easy up here."

His dark hair was plastered against his forehead, and as he turned away Elsa caught a glimpse of shining pink on the crown of his head. So that was why he brushed his hair so carefully! And then she hated herself for the thought. There was no point in flaunting a bald spot just because he had one.

The motor spun and roared, and Irene swung the boat competently in a wide circle and headed up the lake.

Elsa caught her breath in ecstasy as the prow lifted, hurling white wings of water from its sides. This was almost as good as swimming with Miles Torrance—almost but not quite. She flashed a smile at Irene, and Irene smiled back and nodded in understanding.

"It does make you feel that way, doesn't it?" she called above the motor's roar.

THERE were guests for dinner, so Elsa wore the black chiffon, that was as dark and soft as a summer night.

She felt a stab of treachery, remembering Dave's bitter words, and then defended herself hotly. It's not what I feel, she thought; it's what I do. And heaven knows I'll be a model of propriety.

Irene was exquisite in white, and Miles, shaking his own cocktails, was immaculately handsome in flannels. There were five other guests, among them Jordan Cobb, whom Elsa had known in other times, and whom Irene must thoughtfully have invited for her.

He almost embraced her in his pleased surprise.

"Elsa, my angel! I was never so glad to see anybody in my life. Why don't I ever see you anywhere these days?"

She smiled without embarrassment. "That's simple enough. I'm not there."

He laughed immoderately, and she realized with mixed emotions that Miles Torrance was looking at her with quick interest, as if he had never seen her before. She accepted a cocktail and began to talk nonsense with Jordan Cobb.

The dinner was delightful, but it moved too swiftly for Elsa. Cinderella in person, she thought ruefully: come twelve o'clock and I'll lose even my black chiffon! She devoted herself to Jordan, and tried not to see the awakened interest in Miles Torrance's eyes.

AWARENESS struck terror to her heart, because it clarified for the first time her own feelings. Yesterday she would have thought longingly of such a chance; now she knew she couldn't accept so shoddy a compromise. She wanted all of Miles Torrance or nothing; and even if the former were remotely possible (which it certainly wasn't) she wouldn't lift a finger now. Not after this glimpse of Irene and his children.

And so she laughed and flirted with Jordan, forgetting in her panic what she had always known: that this was the infallible way to arouse another man's interest.

After dinner they drove around the lake to dance at the Eden Club, and Elsa's sense of unreality deepened. You don't belong here, she reminded herself firmly. Monday morning you'll be sitting before a typewriter, pounding out "whereases" and "hereinafters." You'll even be doing it tomorrow, lest you forget.

But men kept cutting in on her dances, reminding her that she might have belonged here; and Miles cut in as often as the rest. She closed her eyes as he danced with her the first time, knowing that his broad shoulder sheltered her face. He didn't dance quite as she'd hoped he would; he worked at it a little too hard and performed a little too conscientiously brand-new steps with which she was unfamiliar.

Dave had spoiled her for other men's dancing; like most irresponsibles, Dave's feet were as light and swift as his words. But the feel of Miles Torrance's arms was heady wine, for all that.

"You dance like an angel," he said the first time, and—apparently forgetting he'd said it—again the second time.

She tried not to look at him, but his eyes were compelling her. "You're very comforting," she told him lamely. "I—get rather out of practice."

His laugh was tenderly scornful. "Tell that to some one else!"

Jordan Cobb drove her home in the moonlight, with an arm about her shoulders. She wanted to object, but a casual arm meant nothing to Jordan, and it *did* help to hold her together.

"I'm going to see you some more," he announced as they turned in the driveway.

She wanted to say inelegantly, "Yeah, that's what you think now." But on the other hand he might really mean it, so she smiled at him.

"That'll be grand."

He cut off the motor. "I'll say it will. I'll give you a buzz the first of the week." He kissed her before she knew he'd meant to, and climbed out to open the door. She wondered uneasily if Miles and Irene, driving up behind them, had seen the kiss. . . .

The morning was hot and bright, even at Lake Eden. Miles Torrance became suddenly a man of action—of quick thought and quicker words; and in the dim library Elsa's pencil raced madly across page after page of her notebook. This was familiar and it restored her balance. It put Miles Torrance once again upon the distant unattainable heights. This was, after all, the way it was meant to be. Seen through the French windows, the lawn was a soft brilliant green; but not even the lawn distracted her from the torrent of crisp sentences that broke over her.

They began work at nine. Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve. At half past twelve he stopped abruptly.

"That's enough right now. Let's get a quick dip before lunch. You can type afterwards, and I'll look over them and sign them."

She straightened and flexed her aching fingers. "I didn't know I *was* so tired. The swim sounds heavenly."

Irene had had her swim earlier with the children, she said, but there was plenty of time for them to go in. Lunch wasn't till half past one.

MILES was waiting at the pier's end when Elsa came down wearing the white bathing suit. Her eyes were warm again, and she went quickly past him and cut the water cleanly with a dive. He followed, laughing, and she noticed with a distinct shock that he possessed an incipient paunch. She'd never noticed it before, and she thought pointedly of somebody's pronouncement that man was clothed by his tailor not only in woolen but in dignity and a mystic dominion.

She headed toward the center of the lake, then turned on her back to look through half-closed eyes at a hot blue sky. Miles came up, puffing a little, his hair once more in that unfamiliar disarray.

"You aren't an Olympic champion or anything, are you?" he chuckled.

"Hardly." She kept on squinting at the sky.

"Then you ought to be. I haven't had a workout like that since I left college."

She thought abruptly of what college must have been to him—of the struggles and heartaches and snubs it must have held—and a romantic tenderness swept over her again, obliterating these recent revelations. He was a man or he wouldn't be where he was.

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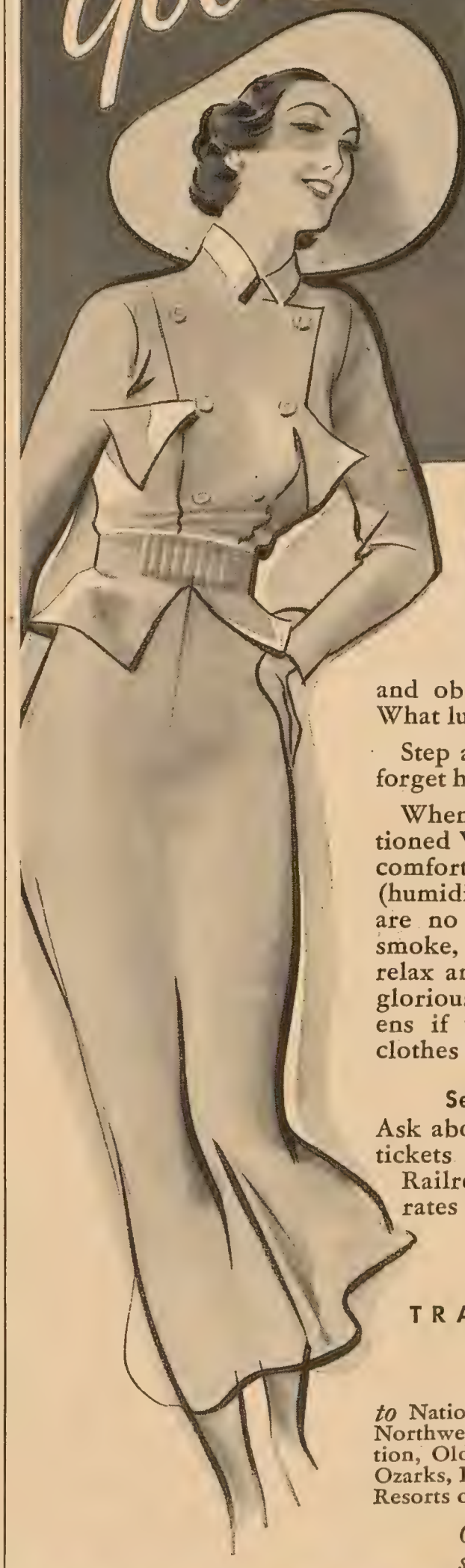

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No. 4

Simple Simon bought an ice box
At the County Fair;
He didn't glance—to see, perchance,
If Rubber Trays were there.

So when he got his ice box home
And tried to mix a drink,
He had to thaw his ice cubes out
In the kitchen sink.

But then, he saw a little ad
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He purchased one and now he gets
His cubes the modern way.

A man has to have a pull like a donkey engine to free those old-fashioned metal trays—once they're frozen in the freezing unit of a refrigerator! And when he *does* succeed in yanking them out, he *then* has to melt the cubes out under the kitchen faucet—and take his chances on a thorough drenching! That's why most of the leading makes of refrigerators come equipped with Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids. These trays *can't* stick, and you pop the ice cubes out—one at a time or the whole trayful—right at the refrigerator, instead of fishing them out of the kitchen sink! Insist on having Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids in the refrigerator you buy.

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FLEXIBLE RUBBER TRAYS & GRIDS

ice cubes instantly • tray to glass

She smiled impulsively at him. "I wasn't trying to show off, really. It just happens that swimming's my one accomplishment."

He denied that quickly: "Not your *one*. I could name a dozen."

In a panic for fear he might begin naming them, she turned and set a leisurely pace toward the shore. She would have liked to lie for a time in the brassy sun of the pier and then take one more long swim, but she was afraid again—of Miles Torrance's admiration. She pulled herself out of the water.

"I think I'd better go out now. It takes me longer to dress than it does you."

That wasn't true, of course, but every man in the world believes it.

He protested eagerly: "Not yet. There's plenty of time—" But she was already halfway up the pier.

At two she began to type, keeping her mind firmly on her work. Miles came in soon after four and began to read and sign letters. Tension came with him—a sense of waiting in his manner—and she kept her eyes resolutely on her notebook.

At quarter past five she pulled the last letter from her typewriter and handed it to him. He read it silently, signed it, and laid it aside.

"Any more?" She asked it as casually as she could.

"No."

He was looking at her again, and she got up, stiff from sitting so long.

He rose with her, too eagerly.

"Elsa," he said.

She set her teeth and wished she weren't so devilishly tired. You needed strength to resist something you'd wanted so long and so badly.

"Elsa." He was standing before her, holding her hands. "You're the sweetest thing I ever saw. I always knew you were good-looking, I guess; but it wasn't till last night, when I saw you with those people— Elsa—I could be crazy about you—"

COMPREHENSION was so quick and bright that it blinded her. Miles Torrance wasn't above an affair, but it had to have a certain amount of social standing. As long as she was a stenographer she was safe; but since she'd "belonged" once—since she could still fit in—she was eligible.

She wanted to laugh wildly, because it was so funny. Against an office background she had been mad about Miles Torrance, and he hadn't even seen her; against his own background Miles Torrance had become vividly aware of her, and she—in an entirely different way—had seen him for the first time.

The cumulative effect of a thousand little things overwhelmed her: his complacency; his snobbery; even the revelation of what she had taken for a magnificent physique and vitality. He was superficially so correct because he was afraid not to be. And his hands, grasping hers, were too soft and hot.

She tore her hands away and almost ran across the room and out on to the terrace.

There she stopped, paralyzed with amazement. Dave lounged at ease in a deck chair on the lawn.

He leaped to his feet and came toward her, almost running. One quick look at her face was enough. He slipped her hand through his arm and fairly dragged her across the terrace and through the front door into the house again.

"Finished?" he was saying casually for Miles's benefit. "Come in here; I've got a drink for you."

The few seconds gave her a respite. By the time they reached the empty living room she had found her voice and her poise.

"You seem to know your way about," she said.

"Sure." He began doing things with ice and mint and a decanter of gin. "I courted Irene years ago and she still appreciates it."

HE passed her a long, frosting glass, and she took a quick swallow. "How under the sun did you get here, and why?" She realized with disgust that her voice was shaky again.

"The first answer is that I drove. The second"—he glanced at his watch—"is that I gave you twenty-four hours."

"Twenty-four hours?" I sound like a parrot, she thought, and sank into a chair.

"Yeah. To catch on."

He was uncanny, of course. He had no business knowing so much—not even in the newspaper game. She said—coolly, she hoped:

"Well, I have. So what?"

His sensitive face changed then—one of the lightning changes of which his face alone was capable. She couldn't look at it.

"Else"—the banter in his voice was spoiled by huskiness—"do I stack up any better now?" He hesitated, then hurried on almost boyishly:

"At least I've got my hair and my figure—mentally as well as physically. Does it make any difference—now—that I love you like hell?"

It did, of course. It must have always made a difference, only she'd been too stupid to see it. She realized with disgust that she was going to cry—from weariness and strain and relief.

She shut her eyes, hoping he wouldn't see her cry.

But Dave saw everything. He put aside his glass and came quickly across the room; sat on the arm of her chair with his face against her hair.

"Go ahead," he urged unsteadily. "It'll make you feel better. I'll—let it ride a while longer if you want me to." But there was a desperate hunger in his voice.

She didn't want him to. She said into his shoulder:

"I think I'm crying now because I've wasted three years of you!"

THE END

TENSE, TORRID, TRAGIC

A Turbulent Tale of Ireland Comes Excitingly to the Screen; Mae West Performs in Some New and Satisfactorily Hectic Adventures, and Death Pervades a Nightmare Film of Sinister Doings in London

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★★★★ THE INFORMER

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Margot Grahame, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, Joseph Sauers, Neil Fitzgerald, Donald Meek, and others. Directed by John Ford. Story by Liam O'Flaherty.

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

ALL too seldom does Hollywood turn out a picture with the honesty, the sound psychologic basis, and the tensely dramatic sweep of The Informer. This beautifully photographed study of a traitor does not include all those elements known as "sure-fire box office," but moviegoers fed up with sleek conventional romances will find this tale of Ireland's wild rebellious times fraught with the most exciting sort of intrigue and action.

Surprising as it may seem in view of his ripe overacting in recent films, Victor McLaglen gives such a gorgeous performance, both in its lack of tricks and in its intense emotionalism, that it must be marked as one of the screen's most memorable portrayals. A blend of stupidity and cunning, brute strength and cowardice, McLaglen is seen as an outcast rebel whose loose tongue has caused him to be fired from the secret Irish fighters. Distrusted by both the English and the Irish, he sinks to poverty and loneliness. His girl, splendidly played by Margot Grahame, is driven to street-walking. McLaglen, in a fit of despair and as a means of obtaining money so that both of them can escape to America, tells the English where they can find his friend, wanted for murder.

This happens at six thirty of a fog-murked Dublin evening. All of the story takes place that night, and as we follow McLaglen, watch him step by step get enmeshed in the trap set for him, the picture becomes a trip through hell. Suddenly realizing the enormity of his act, McLaglen, the reward money hot in his pockets, leaves the station for a tawdry pub. A few drinks calm his nerves; a few more bring forgetfulness; a few more bring hilarity. He treats crowds to food and drink, takes over a high-class bawdyhouse, becomes king for a night, forgets why he turned traitor or even that he did. But the rebels begin to suspect him; and as they quietly and effectively set out to kill the drunkard who endangers their cause, The Informer attains a tautness and pitch of suspense seldom surpassed.

There is a certain inevitable and poetic quality which, along with the pure simplicity of the story, makes this among the most distinctive pictures of the year.

Margot Grahame and Victor McLaglen in The Informer. The latter plays an outcast Irish rebel, distrusted by both his countrymen and the English.

VITAL STATISTICS: Liam O'Flaherty was born on the Aran Island off the coast of Ireland. . . . Picture cost around $350,000. . . . Twenty-four days spent shooting scenes in the Dublin fog. Fog used to be atomized mineral oil shot from painters' airbrush guns. Now it is a secret patented substance, much more effective if not as medicinal. It lasts about two minutes and has to be continually kept refreshed. It isn't as expensive as rain. . . . Margot Grahame is Mrs. Francis Lister happily in what private life she has. This is her American debut. Was born in Canterbury, England, where the Tales come from; got herself eddicated in the Women's College of South Africa; made her movie start in England, where she's appeared in about forty films; has always bought her clothes in Paris but will switch to Hollywood, now a tremendous influence on world fashions. . . . Victor McLaglen is London born, spent quite some time in South Africa, where his father was Bishop of Clermont, and in true family tradition, gained from both sides, ran away to be a soldier. Fought in Near East. All four brothers were in the war too. Is looking around for another war and has personally prepared for it by privately organizing Victor McLaglen's Light Horse Troop, composed of finest horsemen in Southwest, numbering over 1,000. . . . Director John Ford is Maine born and U. of Maine educated. Can make them big and successful. . . . Wallace Ford is no relation to John but went through the first fifteen years of his life as Sammy Jones,

a name given him by an orphanage. Took name of Wallace Ford from a young hobo pal who died when they were vagging it together. Ford was the original Abie of Abie's Irish Rose. . . . J. M. Kerrigan is the only one of the cast who hails from Dublin, locale of the story. Kerrigan started life as a reporter and is an Abbey Theatre Player who came here to play in John McCormack's Song o' My Heart, which made every one connected famous except the thrush-throated John himself. . . . Neil Fitzgerald has been a registered pharmaceutist, light-opera warbler and writer.

★ ★ ★ GOIN' TO TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, Paul Cavanagh, Ivan Lebedeff, Tito Coral, Marjorie Gateson, Fred Kohler, Sr., Monroe Owsley, Grant Withers, Gilbert Emery, Luis Alberni, and others. Directed by Alexander Hall. Story by Marion Morgan and George B. Dowell.

WHETHER or not she has a husband in what is jokingly called her private life, the robust Mae West suffers from no lack of men in her latest picture, Goin' to Town. In this bawdy tale she has no end of males to brighten her days and nights. Picturesquely costumed by Travis Banton, Paramount's brilliant stylist, Mae is seen as the queen of a Wild West honky-tonk who slays the men with her deadly quips and equally lethal curves and—never losing sight of her goal—takes the gents in her slithering stride until she captures Paul Cavanagh, the nobleman of her torrid dreams.

It takes all kinds of men to make a gal like Mae West misbehave. Her first step toward wealth and gentility occurs when she rolls the dice with Fred Kohler, Sr., a cattle rustler and ranch owner. Bad luck has her losing the roll to the tough rancher, but good luck has him killed on the night before the wedding. With the cattle land hers, and a few oil wells and a race horse thrown in, Miss West starts out again. And from there on the picture shows Mae's pursuit of Paul Cavanagh, a pursuit which takes in South America, swanky Southampton, and, finally, an estate in England.

Ivan Lebedeff, Mae West, and Paul Cavanagh in Goin' to Town.

For all her directness of approach to sex, there is an unreal quality in this unique woman which sparkles brightest in unreal backgrounds. Those sequences in the Western honky-tonk and in the ornate South American bars give her the sort of background she needs; but when the story begins to take itself seriously, as it does by the time she reaches Long Island, Miss West is the one to suffer.

For all its surplus of plot, which includes two murders, a horse race, and numberless amatory episodes, Goin' to Town remains an entertaining and colorful item. Out of the many risqué lines you'll be sure to remember a few. But the high point is reached, we feel, when Miss West tackles opera with all the leers and sinuous movements she puts into barroom ballads.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture probably cost around $800,000. Will reap its weight in gold and many times more. Last West-ern, even if it was dodoed by critics, was one of the five biggest money-makers of the year. Mae still is doing her bit to keep Paramount, a so-so money-making firm, up in the black. The West practically writes, designs, and directs her own stuff. Her salary is reputedly $5,000 a week plus a percentage of the profits. Out of her $250,000 a year, when all her expenses and taxes are paid, the poor bebustled thing is left a mere $75,000 clear. Goin' to Town is a phrase taken from Negro dancing. To go to town means to wiggle the shoulders from side to side, press the arms close to the side, palms down and stretched outward, the while taking short steps forward with protruding torso. Next West-ern: a picture of the Klondike gold rush. Mae intends to make pictures when her hip wiggle rusts and her bustle busts and the boys don't care to come up sometime. Unlike Chaplin, she won't act in them: will just try to make Art. Lives with her brother Jack and sister Beverly (no, I'm not Mae's sister) in a Hollywood apartment house. Works on stories at night and rarely goes places. Fidgets for work between pictures. Mae consistently rejects requests to name commercial products, hamburger stands, and horses after her. Will restrain you legally if you attach her name to your m'f'd corset or your gas station. Mae's father died recently. She worked half a day the day of his funeral to keep 500 extras from being laid off. Mae's banned in some countries (Holland's one) but England adores her. Noel Coward visited her recently on the set and claimed that every Lady Tiffintuffer in England imitates Mae all over the place. Alexander Hall, film cutter of She Done Him Wrong, directed this picture. She goes modern in this film, but if the 1890 upholstery is gone, the original chassis remains. Eats only a vegetable salad for lunch. Does most of her writing in bed. . . . Beans Reardon, National League umpire, is bartender in Goin' to Town, and Albert Johnson, twice winner of the Kentucky Derby—Morvich and Bubbling Over—a jockey.

★ ★ THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON

THE PLAYERS: Henry Hull, Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Clark Williams, Lester Matthews, Charlotte Granville, Spring Byington, J. M. Kerrigan. Directed by Stuart Walker. Story by Robert Harris.

NEVER let a werewolf bite you, for if he does you'll turn into a werewolf, too. Henry Hull finds this out when, on a trip to Tibet in search of a rare flower, he allows werewolf Warner Oland to nibble on his arm. Back in London with the flower, Hull goes about his profession as floriculturist, and soon becomes so engrossed that he almost forgets the Tibetan incident. But Oland does not forget. He comes to London trying to learn if Hull can grow the rare plant, which blossoms only under the moon.

The flowers, it develops, are the only known antidote for wolfry, and when they are stolen Hull is quite horrified, as you can imagine, to find himself turning into a rather distorted Mr. Hyde and letting out wild howls. Werewolves must kill at least one person each moonlit night, and will, if possible, slay the thing they love the most.

When London is shocked by the brutal nightly murders, Scotland Yard, with more sense than the scenarists, pooh-poohs the idea that a human wolf is doing it all. But the hunt begins, and as the police tighten the net this celluloid nightmare comes to its tragic climax with Hull, a moonstricken wolf, attempting to kill his wife.

This morbid film is definitely not for children and only for those adults who will allow the plot to pull them past its many inconsistencies.

VITAL STATISTICS: Universal Pictures, who made this, have always staved off bankruptcy by means of horror pictures (Frankenstein, Dracula, The Mummy). This time they're keeping the wolf from the door by means of the werewolf. Yes; but when the public sickens of horror, who will keep the werewolf from the door? . . . David O. Selznick, dissatisfied with his $4,000 a week, recently asked for and received a raise from his employer, Nick Schenck, M-G-M headman. Nevertheless Selznick, La Rumor says, may purchase Universal any day now and emulate his father, first modern major producer and big-time distributor. . . . The subject of lycanthropy (werewolfism), i.e., man into werewolf every full moon, no longer holds terrors for us. The poor wolf took such a national beating in song and jest, I personally am rather sorry for him. So who's afraid of the big bad werewolf? The Werewolf of London was probably suggested by Guy Endore's boo-shouting book The Werewolf of Paris. Why not a Werewolf Series? Werewolf on the Mississippi, Werewolf at Berkeley Hall, etc., along the lines of the Frankenstein Series? You know, Frankenstein's Werewolf Rose, Frankenstein & Jessel, Frankenstein Was No

Lady. . . . Warner Oland is ten years older than Henry Hull. Both were born on October 3; but Henry's played on the stage 23 years as against the 20.01 of Warner, who was born in Sweden at Umea, October 3, 1880. Came here at thirteen; was educated in Boston; is probably the veteran heavy around the studios (but plays the bromidic Charlie Chan with great sympathy); commutes sixty-five miles to his studio work; owns a farm in Connecticut and 7,000 acres on a small island off Mexico, and would commute from them if possible, so anxious is he to forget the studios when not working. He helped break $1,000 worth of glassware in fight scene in Hull's gooey scientific lab and had to have glass shavings picked from him afterward. . . . Part of the publicity ballyhoo on the picture reads: "What would you do if you thought yourself married to a respectable scientist, then found yourself instead married to a wolf?" There's a real problem for the American housewife! However, from what I gather, married women handle this situation every day, men being what they are.

★ ½ VILLAGE TALE

THE PLAYERS: Randolph Scott, Kay Johnson, Arthur Hohl, Robert Barrat, Janet Beecher, Edward Ellis, Dorothy Burgess, Donald Meek, Andy Clyde, Guinn Williams, De Witt Jennings, and others. Directed by John Cromwell. Story by Phil Stong.

PHIL STONG'S bitter disclosure of what goes on behind the placid surface of a small town comes to the screen in a solemn heavy version which is kept from becoming realism by the censors and which misses being entertainment by its lack of humor.

This sincere little film tells of a village housewife, Kay Johnson, whose misfortunes in love and marriage supply a rich source of ridicule for the local gossips. Heckled by the wiseacres and married to a man far beneath her, she has an innocent friendship with wealthy Randy Scott which supplies the mud slingers with a target and gives the picture its basic situation.

The monotony of mood and its complete lack of purpose combine to overcome the honesty and inherent qualities of Village Tale.

VITAL STATISTICS: Philip (Phil) Duffield Stong was born January 27, 1899, in Keosauqua, Ioway. Abyeed at Drake (Des Moines) University and postgradded hither and thither thereafter, and even worked for Liberty for a spell while writing twelve novels, the which he destroyed. His State Fair put him over with a bang, making a marvelous movie, much money for him, and a nice big rep. Picture cost about $200,000. . . . Director John Cromwell is a young blade of Toledo, Ohio. Has acted and directed and produced on Broadway. Made The Dummy, one of the first talkies. Is expertly and pleasantly married to Kay Johnson. . . . Kay Johnson saves old bottles and old boxes. She loves bargains and chocolate drops. Claims descendancy from Sir Walter Scott. Has been married eight years to Cromwell. Got her stage start when a leading gal got sick. Was born at Mount Vernon, N. Y. . . . De Witt Jennings has had forty-three years of trouping; the same wife for twenty-eight of them; and three kids. Started with the Mormon Stock Co. of Utah, where they probably played that old stage farce: Octuplet Beds. Claims descendancy from Captain Jesse Clark, who was on General Washington's staff. Has played in the B'way versions of Within the Law, Under Cover, The Woman in Room 13, and other humdingers. . . . Janet Beecher continues the cast's blue-blooded strain by boasting ancestor Isaac Beecher, whose name is on the Mayflower passenger list. The Mayflower, you remember, was a small sailing vessel with 100,000-passenger capacity. . . . Arthur Hohl has played in road and wagon shows. His roles are so numerous he's lost count of them. Was born in Pittsburgh but graduated a Stanford U. Indian. First B'way part was in the original The Dummy. Is considered one of the fifteen busiest actors in Hollywood. Andy Clyde's wife, Elsie Tarron, ex-pro, presented him with a wee bairn during Village Tale-ing. It's a boy. I erred in saying Andy had never played a Scotch role before McFadden's Flats. He had—in The Little Minister. . . . Randy Scott and Robert Barrat really mixed it in their fight scenes, requiring two days off to rest up and mend. Scott trained at Georgia Tech as a textile engineer. . . . Dorothy Burgess is niece to Fay Bainter and a great friend of Irving Berlin, who dropped in to see her work. She got her start in an understudy-makes-good break when Helen Hayes left Dancing Mothers in New York. . . . Robert Barrat's maw wanted him to be a minister; his dad, a business man. He's a vocational expert by education. A fortune teller propheted he'd be an aviator; he wanted to be a doctor—so he's become an actor.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the difference between a chauffer and a chauffeur?
2—What size is an ordinary American building brick?
3—How many dentists are there in the United States?
4—When was the first Atlantic cable laid between Ireland and Newfoundland?
5—In golf, what is the meaning of the term divot?
6—How old is General A. W. Greely, the famous arctic explorer?
7—The modern game of lawn tennis was invented by whom?
8—Who invented the Schafer method of artificial respiration?
9—When was the National Baseball League organized?
10—The treaty between the Vatican and the Italian government recognizing the complete independence of Vatican City was ratified on what date?
11—Who is the author of "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad"?
12—On a corporation's balance sheet, is surplus an asset or a liability?
13—In what Central American country is English the official language?
14—When did Canada receive Dominion status?
15—How many commercial airports and registered landing fields are there in the United States?
16—What is the Almanach de Gotha?
17—An aitchbone is what?
18—How long has the peace between the United States and Canada remained unbroken?
19—What is the smallest state capital city in the United States?
20—Where did the saying "It's Greek to me" originate?

(Answers will be found on page 35)

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The Story of a Battle 'Twixt the Lure of Distant Lands and the Lips of a Girl at Home

by

FREDERICK SCRIBNER

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WORDS rattled out of Hackett like a spray of hail: "Sure! We could take a gang, say fifteen boys, and charge a thousand each—they'd think it was cheap—to the south of France, hire a château, and drill hard all summer. You and I could cram them for the college boards, and we'd take Plunkett—he'd give them heavy calisthenics and make them like bread and fish, and they'd come back with muscular guts. Listen; think up a circular for the private schools; maybe we could get a few kids here. Tomorrow I'll—"

"What about your dinner and your wife?" said Carl; he nodded toward the desk clock, which showed five thirty.

Groaning, Hackett swung off the couch and leaned on his knees. "My God, my dinner!" he murmured, running his fingers through his hair. Looking up, he grumbled irritably: "I don't know why I sacrifice all my ideas on you. You look contented as a cow, ready to decorate a second-rate prep school all your life."

"I don't mind your ideas," said Carl coldly, "until you begin to bray."

"Say, I'm serious!" Hackett reached for his overshoes. "Better think it over. We'll get together soon; we'll—"

"Got it all planned to go abroad this summer," Carl said.

"So I heard." Hackett finished pulling on his overshoes and sank back on the couch. "Damn waste of money, these lone literary pilgrimages." Frowning up at the ceiling, he inquired, "Coming down for the radio hour?"

"No, thanks. I need air and I may go over to town. It's Plunkett's night in. I wish there was some one over there I knew—I mean some one who would go out."

"Try Slieger's Department Store. They have everything."

"I've never seen any one in there."

"Have you looked?"

"Don't know as I have," Carl admitted.

"Well, now it's spring you might find some one, even with your handicaps." Hackett stood up, filled his pipe, and ambled to the door. One hand on the knob, he turned and advised, "Don't get mired in the stout department."

Carl swore softly. "Get out!"

Grinning, Hackett clamped the pipe in his teeth and closed the door gently behind him.

After dinner and a shower Carl decided to go over to St. Agnes to do a few errands. Some of his shirts lacked buttons at the collar and he had to buy needle and thread. It was a big piece of sewing he had postponed as long as possible.

He walked the two miles to St. Agnes in the dark, circling the lake by the narrow-gauge railroad. Slieger's Department Store, a large emporium for St. Agnes, was in a Saturday-night blaze of light.

"Thread?" he asked some one, and was directed to a counter on a side aisle. A willowy blonde with staring blue eyes half reclined on the counter.

"I want a needle," said Carl.

She looked past him. "They come ten in a pack," she said indifferently.

"I only want one." He thought he could start conversation.

"That's the only way they come is ten in a pack," she repeated; she arched her plucked brows and poked at her back hair with her fingers.

"This is just a little private sewing," said Carl. "I don't do any outside work."

She shrugged, looked exasperated, and laid a package of needles on the showcase. There was a shrewish cast to her face, he noticed.

"Oh, well," he said. "Some white thread too, if it won't give you a pain."

"What number?" she snapped. She had creases at the corners of her mouth, he observed.

"What number!" He regarded her with sudden hostility. "How do I know what number? What is this, a thread prison?"

Taking the needles, he turned to a brown-haired girl who had been standing near, a half-smile curving her lips. "Can you get me some thread without a number?"

"If I knew what you're using it for—"

"To sew buttons on shirts, and shirts on buttons, and buttons on underwear—"

"You're a hard man on buttons," she interrupted, pulling out a box. She had the white thread and regarded him kindly. "Want me to thread a needle?"

He looked at her. "I'm going to send you candy and flowers. Anyway, a flower."

"Oh, no." She laughed. "Send a picture of you sewing; I like comics."

"You mean riots."

She threaded the needle skillfully and put everything in a small bag. She had a demure oval face, brown eyes with long lashes, and thick reddish-brown hair. He thought she was too beautiful a girl to be working with that other girl, that blonde girl. When she returned with his change, he said, "Listen, please—I've never

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK PAGNATO

Sitting on the steps of a deserted cottage, they munched the cookies and drank the ginger ale and talked quietly.

seen you before and I'd like to call around and discuss it."

Her lashes flicked. "Pretty fast?"

"This is a fast era. Take the airplane. Wait a minute." Carl counted on his fingers. "Tomorrow night, prayers; Monday, faculty meeting; Tuesday, the Elks; Wednesday, Rotary—let's make it Thursday night."

"Thursday night, Daughters of Veterans," she retorted.

"You're not such a rookie yourself," he admired. "I'll resign from everything. Tomorrow night at seven."

"Monday night at eight," she corrected. "Are you from the asylum?"

"If you mean the Academy, it's a poignant thought."

Then she told him her name, Anne, and the number of her house on Elm Street, and slipped away to wait on a woman fidgeting at the hosiery counter.

Walking home he noticed definite signs of spring despite the chill air and the March slush underfoot. Summer was ten weeks away, and he thought of his trip, long planned, which at last seemed within his means. A letter to Portland had brought a deluge of steamship pamphlets. There were lists of how many countries you could visit for how much: Seven Countries for Eight Hundred Dollars; Our Special Educational Cruise, with a Swing of the

Horn Thrown In; etc. This struck him as delirious; and besides, his desire had always been England. Three hundred dollars—one country. That ancient isle, that jewel, England.

When Monday night came, Carl struggled to St. Agnes over the muddy ruts of a road grown porous in rain. Having a date seemed appropriate. The air was crisp enough for a topcoat, but filled with the washed, melting odor of spring. In town on Elm Street, Anne's house shone white, its blinds glistening green, and clumps of small cedars hugging the flagged walk. Anne, more beautiful than he remembered, opened the door.

"Hello." She laughed a little, took his coat, and he followed her through the hall into the living room. A small fire burned in the fireplace. There was a radio, a piano decorated with photographs, a divan, and on the wall sepias of the Coliseum and the Parthenon.

Anne sat down on the divan, and Carl came over.

"Are you—alone here?" he felt impelled to ask.

"Oh, no," she said serenely. "My sister and her husband are upstairs. Maybe you'll meet them sometime."

"I—er—" His voice trailed off in a mutter.

"What?"

"I think they're swell people."

Anne turned on the radio. An orchestra advertising Pettigrew's Peppermint Patties swung into a round of jazz with an especially fine cornet. They threw back the rugs and danced. For a moment he thought it wasn't a girl in his arms but a shadow; she followed like a sapling blown in a wind, every pulse of music bearing her with him. Finally, a waltz ended, they dipped dangerously, landed on the divan, and he kissed her. She pushed away.

"You're a devil for a pedagogue," she said. Her elbow pressed painfully into his shoulder. He sat back.

"Oh, it crops out."

"You dance well. We might do an apache sometime and you could be very devilish."

"Where did you learn that?"

"Oh, not that in particular. Dancing was a hobby in school—classes and pageants."

Carl reached for cigarettes. "What school?" he asked.

"In Boston, after high school. I left my third year—I'd learned all the steps." She leaned forward to light her cigarette. Somehow, flippant words from her bore the color of cleverness—and the fact that so far it hadn't seemed much like a date made in a department store puzzled him less.

Later, Carl added a chunk of wood to the fire and they sat on the divan watching the blaze. After a while he told her his ambition, and asked her if all men told her their ambitions; and she said yes, but they were not exciting like his ambition to go to Great Britain and shine up all the bars.

He won a debate that they should watch the fire till it went safely out.

THE weather grew gradually warmer, and Carl had dates with Anne whenever he could get away. He wondered what she would do and say next, and beneath the surface of her chatter he sensed a certain reticence that piqued and interested him. Besides, she made the time go faster.

Sometimes they went walking, now that the spring mud was clearing up. One night he bought some cookies and a bottle of pale dry and they went down to the lake. Sitting on the steps of a deserted cottage, they munched the cookies and drank the ginger ale and talked quietly. The spruce trees on the shore were tall, cut black in the moonlight, and the lake stretched before them in a placid black sheet.

Carl crunched a cooky. He was conscious of Anne's nearness—the glow of her face, her round throat and slender hands, white in the dark. Motioning toward the lake, he said uneasily, "What would you say the moon's made of tonight—green cheese or mayonnaise?"

Anne leaned her head against the stair railing. "Neither." Her voice sounded tired and flat. "It makes me feel sad."

Carl reached toward her, but she said no, and he sank back on the steps. "Maybe it's the restless spring," he suggested.

"No. It's—I'd like to get away from here. I miss the city, things you can do. Besides"—a faint impatient bitterness crept into her tone—"my sister wants to marry me off. Oh, I guess I shouldn't say that; she has been kind enough to me." She laughed a little. "She thinks you're a very grand guy."

The way she said it made it all right; it sounded as if she never wanted to marry any one. Carl said, "Have you been so desperately unhappy lately, Anne?"

"Oh, no." She looked at him soberly. "But I get that feeling, wanting to get away. You've helped, but you'll be gone in a month and have other playmates."

"Don't be foolish, Anne," he said quickly. "Here, rest your head on grandpap's shoulder. How's that for a shoulder sculped out especially for your head?"

"Girls' heads," she said, her voice ironic, and continued irrelevantly: "I got a letter from George today."

"George?" he inquired, surprised; she had never mentioned any one else before.

"An old friend. His people live here and he's coming up from Boston for a visit. I'm supposed to reserve Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights for him."

"He must have a lot on his mind," Carl said. "What about me those nights?"

"You don't mind, do you? George is a very good boy; he's a lawyer."

"Good heavens! Don't forget I'm a Moose."

"Well, you have other times. You can come over Thursday night."

"All right. We'll celebrate George's departure."

SHE laughed and burrowed into his coat. After a while she looked up quizzically. "Why is it we have good times?" she said. "Because we like each other?"

"Maybe that isn't all," he dared.

"Oh, yes"—her voice came muffled dryly—"you say that! It will be summer in a month and you'll be away."

It seemed a little sad. Later, when they had returned, they stood for a minute in the living room. There was only one light, from a table lamp. Anne took off her tam and leather jacket. Her hair, glinting in the light, was still curly from the damp air outside. Standing huddled together a moment, close and warm, he thought he could love her. Her cheeks were smooth and cool; they liked the same things, and she was slender and beautiful enough.

But when he walked home, the fat buds on the trees reminded him that June 20 was not far off. The voyage, the big trip. In his room, he looked again at the steamship pamphlets, thumbing them slowly and staring at the pictures. In bed he heard a loon cry, a shrill, insane *whoo*, and shortly another fainter *whoo* answering far down the lake. It sounded like a male and female loon, and he wondered if they were in love or were mocking each other. Loons, he thought; loons, loons!

The next night was Carl's night in, and Hackett came up with a vacuum bottle of gin after lights out. They drank the gin. Hackett had two original insults for Gertrude Stein, and said that Sandburg could write poetry and play the guitar but he didn't like the way he combed his hair. As he was going he said, "By the way, what about Slieger's?"

"What about it?"

"Well, are you happy now?"

"Sure I'm happy."

"That's damn nice. We need another married couple for the bridge guard next year." He wagged his head too wisely.

"Listen," Carl said heavily. "When you drink you get stupid. I am, by heaven, going to England this summer."

"Maybe something will happen," said Hackett, swaying hopefully. "Something happened when I was going to do something once. She's sweet."

"Oh, hell, go home," Carl groaned, "you maudlin ass!"

After a few seconds of fumbling, Hackett distinguished the doorknob and bravely left the room.

The next morning was sunny and Carl felt fine consid-

ering the gin. He lay in bed thinking with pleasure about his trip. Everything would be perfect, he thought; just as he had planned; running around like any damned tourist doing much as he wanted. England—liquor, fog, Shakespeare, the Abbey, bobbies, bells, beer—he'd soon be away.

Before lunch he walked over to St. Agnes and cashed a check. Going down Main Street, he saw Anne come out of Slieger's with a stocky man her height, get into a car, and drive off.

On the way home he picked up a stick and swung it hard at dry grass along the road, thinking it would be good to get away; and what was more, he'd stay away. He'd have a hut on the damn moors in Scotland. If there weren't any huts he'd build one, and he knew damn well there were moors. He chopped viciously at the grass.

On the campus he met Hackett, looking cheerful.

"Morning date?" Hackett asked. "That's what I call devotion. How about the honeymoon? A sojourn in southern California would be fine for you."

"A sojourn in southern Hell would be fine for you!" said Carl, adding resentfully: "That was rotten gin last night—bring more up tonight and I'll explain how rotten."

"I'll be up." Hackett clapped him tolerantly on the shoulder. "And I'll explain the honeymoon with no asterisks."

They played poker for pennies instead. . . .

It seemed very important to be having a date in St. Agnes on Thursday night. There was an aura of something special about it, though Carl didn't know why. When he got to Anne's house he felt nervous and the palms of his hands were damp. Anne opened the door. She wore a close-fitting knitted green dress and her hair was brushed back behind her ears; she had a new look. Somehow they missed their usual greeting, which seemed strange to Carl until Anne whispered, "George is here. I tried to get you on the phone, but you'd left."

With a queer sensation at the pit of his stomach he followed Anne into the living room, and there was George, standing with his hands thrust into his coat pockets, looking at the Coliseum. He turned as they came in. Anne introduced them and they stood in the middle of the room.

"Do sit down." Anne's voice was distressed. "Perhaps there's some good music on the radio. George, you try it."

SAUNTERING over to the radio, George fiddled with the dial. Anne sat on the arm of a chair near Carl.

"Let's go for a walk," he suggested.

"How can I, with George here?"

"He can look at the pictures," Carl said.

Looking up, George raised his brows. "I beg your pardon?" he said; he was a trifle pompous.

Oh, hell, Carl thought. "I'm going," he told Anne. He went into the hall and took his coat. She followed and caught his arm as he reached the door.

"Don't be angry, Carl; I couldn't help it."

"I thought we had a date for tonight."

"We did; but I couldn't very well drive George away when he came." Anne's brows contracted appealingly.

"You can come over tomorrow night."

"I feel like a date tonight," he said.

"Come back later." She seemed reluctant. "I'll get him to go."

"All right, then. I'll be back in an hour. How will you do it?"

"Oh, I'll make him want to go. I'm sorry—but you shouldn't mind; it's just a little thing." Her chin tilted.

Outside, he walked slowly down the street toward the stores. He felt jumbled. George made him think of England—queer contrast of ideas. Just what was it he was supposed to get out of England? Standing by graves and looking at "O rare Ben Jonson" and "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith" and "Curst be he who moves these bones"—or was it "stones"? It would be great, he had always thought. Damn George! Learning the names of hotels and wines. That wasn't important, though. Oh, the British Museum—that was damned important. He remembered a prof who had thought the British Museum was extremely important. He had often wondered whether the prof had been whelped on a shelf in the British Museum, he took such a holy dry joy in mouthing polysyllabics.

THERE was a drugstore open downstreet, and Carl went in and sat for a while, drinking a milk shake. He began to wonder what would happen if Anne didn't get rid of George. Wild ideas whirled in his head. Maybe it was all a fake and she intended to take a night train with him. He felt sick.

When he had finished, the cloying-sweet drugstore odor stifled him and he left quickly.

But standing outside on the curb he was nauseated with the thought of George. Oh, rats, he would go home. He walked a little way past a few stores and down almost to the wooden bridge, and then remembered Anne standing with that new look in the doorway, in the green knitted dress, and he turned up a side street.

He walked around two squares, and after a while most of the time was up and he returned to Anne's house. In the living room there were only the lamp and red embers for light, and they stood a second and looked at each other.

"You've got the reddest hair," he said.

She came over near the fireplace where he stood, and murmured, "Say it again, will you?" He said it again, and coming closer, made a quick step so that there was no distance between them at all. He held her close and tight in his arms. England was so absent—like a country in a dull story. Anne was very present and her lips were like coming home and her temples where the pulses beat were warm to kiss, and he said, "Let's say in a month we'll be married. I love you. Is this love for you?"

Anne murmured, "Yes." But suddenly she wept.

"What's the matter?" he said anxiously. "You love me, don't you?"

She dabbed at her eyes and smiled.

"Yes; but I tried so hard not to care if you didn't come back, and I was so glad—"

"And what about George?" he inquired.

"I wasn't very pleasant to him, but I think he is hoping—or something—and—oh, damn, would you mind hugging me awfully hard?" . . .

Hackett and his wife were witnesses on that warm June day, and as the preoccupied pair were escaping from the minister's parlor he caught Carl by the arm. "You like your own country best, don't you?" he said, sprinkling a large bagful of confetti on the bridegroom's head. "You wouldn't want to leave it, would you?" he inquired solicitously.

"Not me," said Carl, grinning wryly—and, breaking away, ran down the steps tightly grasping Anne's hand.

"I'm a patriot!" he called back. He dodged an old rubber, and as he paused his face looked quite red and vaguely disturbed for a moment.

Perhaps it was the heat—or the confetti.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—A chauffer is a kind of stove; a chauffeur is any person who operates an automobile for pay.

2—Eight inches long, four inches wide, and two and a half inches thick.

3—Approximately 65,700.

4—In 1858.

5—The piece of turf cut out by a player's club in making a stroke.

6—Ninety-one.

7—It was *patented* in England in 1874 by Major Wingfield.

8—Sir Edward Albert Sharpey-Schafer, M.D.

9—In 1871, under the name of the National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs.

10—On June 7, 1929.

11—Shakespeare in As You Like It, Act 4, Scene 1.

12—A liability. It is an obligation of the company to its stockholders.

13—In British Honduras.

14—July 1, 1867.

15—There were 1,164 at the close of 1932.

16—A periodic publication in German and French, giving statistics and data as to the royal, princely, and titled families of Europe.

17—The rump bone in rump steak.

18—From 1814 to date—121 years.

19—Carson City, Nevada. Population 1,596 (1930 census).

20—Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 2.

O-o-o-oh You

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BROTHER, in this business of umpiring baseball games you've got to be able to take it. I've been taking it for twenty years or more now, and I still have my health. That just shows that I've got a hide that sheds insults. I wonder how many of the clerks and floor-walkers and pen-pushers and hod carriers up there in the stands could do a good day's work with twenty thousand people busting their eardrums with " O-o-o-oh, you blind bum!—you robber! " and showering them with pop bottles.

Jimmy Wilson, now manager of the Phillies but then catching for the St. Louis National League club, gave us a tough one to decide in the second game of the 1931 World Series. The game had gone into the ninth inning with the Cardinals leading 2 to 0, and the Athletics had made only three scattered hits off Bill Hallahan. Then, with the Athletics at bat in the ninth inning, two out and runners on first and second, Jim Moore was sent in by Connie Mack to bat for Earnshaw.

Hallahan got the count two strikes and one ball on Moore, and then the pinch hitter swung at the next pitch and missed it. Jimmy Wilson caught that third strike and it looked as though the game was over. Wilson threw the ball down to Jake Flowers at third base as the players started off the field. Jimmy Foxx, who had been on second base, had run up to third and Jimmy Dykes, on first, had scampered down to second.

Then things began to happen. Eddie Collins, captain of the Athletics, who was coaching at third base, had noticed that the ball, which was a low pitch, had skipped the dirt just as it came into Jimmy Wilson's big mitt. There never has been a smarter ballplayer than Eddie Collins. Eddie raced over and grabbed Moore, who was on his way to the bench, and after some urging induced him to run to first base. In the meantime Foxx had reached third and Dykes second. Then Collins appealed to the umpires, claiming that the ball had been caught on the first bounce and Moore therefore was not out. The St. Louis players gathered around us and a fine young argument was on.

I was umpiring at second base and could see the ball as it came into Wilson's mitt. Dick Nallin, umpiring behind the plate, had his view obscured by the catcher's body. Dolly Stark was umpiring at first base and Bill Klem at third. I told Nallin the ball had hit the dirt. There was nothing for Dick to do but call Moore safe at first, where he was standing on the bag, as Wilson had thrown the ball to third.

Then the argument shifted to Bill Klem, umpiring at third. Jimmy Wilson claimed he had thrown to third to force out Foxx, and it was Foxx who had made the third out. Klem said no; Flowers had not put his foot on the bag after receiving the ball, evidently thinking Moore had fanned. So the Cardinals lost that argument also, and instead of the game being over the Athletics now had the bases full with two out, and a base hit by the next batsman would have tied the score.

Umpire Bill McGowan

Fortunately for us umpires Max Bishop, the next batter, sent a foul fly out along the right-field line and Jim Bottomley crashed through the railing of one of the field boxes to make a spectacular catch and end the ball game. If Bishop had connected for a long hit and won the game we never would have heard the last of that decision.

After twenty years' experience in five different leagues, my judgment is that the most valuable attribute an umpire can possess is a sense of humor. In a game out in Chicago one time Tommy Connolly, now chief of umpires for the American League, was having a tough afternoon with Big Ed Walsh, who was continually objecting to Tommy's decisions on balls and strikes. He would throw his glove on the ground and walk in to the plate to engage in verbal tilts with him. It looked as though Tommy would have to fire the great pitcher out of the game, which at that time would have probably meant a riot. Finally, as Walsh walked to the plate and objected, Tommy removed his mask and turned to the grandstand.

" Ladies and gentlemen," he said, " I must apologize for not knowing in

Robber!!!

COLE BRADLEY

How It Feels to Be a Target for Pop Bottles and Razzberries — A Big-League Baseball Umpire Speaks from the Heart

by BILL McGOWAN

advance that Mr. Walsh throws nothing but strikes."

The crowd started to laugh and then Walsh, his face redder than usual, laughed too, and went back to the mound. There was no further trouble that afternoon.

Later, Walsh himself became an umpire in the American League and was teamed up with none other than Tommy Connolly. One afternoon a sport writer asked Tommy how Big Ed was getting along as an umpire.

"Fine," replied Tommy. "But you must remember that umpiring isn't new to Mr. Walsh. When he was a pitcher he did most of the umpiring."

In the final series last year between the Athletics and Yankees Jimmy Foxx came to bat and took two swings at wide pitches. The next pitch cut the plate and George Moriarity called Jimmy out. Jimmy turned on him.

"You missed that one!" he yelled in a voice that could be heard all over the park.

"Well," replied George, "you're still one ahead of me, Jimmy—you missed the first two."

Bill Klem once won a ball game for Pittsburgh by putting the Pirates' manager, Fred Clarke, out of the game and then expelling him from the playing field when Clarke continued his verbal barrage from the bench. The game was being played at the old Cubs' park in Chicago. After being put off the playing field Clarke watched the game through the window of the clubhouse, which was located back of center field. In one of the late innings Hans Wagner hit a line drive that got between the center fielder and the left fielder. Clarke saw the ball rolling toward the clubhouse door, got up and opened the door and let the ball roll in. Then he closed and locked the door. Wagner got a home run.

The toughest decision I have ever had to give was in a game in Baltimore when I was in the International League. Buffalo was the visiting team, and with Baltimore one run ahead in the first half of the ninth Buffalo filled the bases with one out. I was umpiring on the bases and with the tying run on third I took a position back of third base. It was a lucky thing I did, for I was the only one in the ball park who saw the next play as it really happened.

The Buffalo batter hit a low line drive between third and short. Joe Boley, playing shortstop for Baltimore, made a dive for the ball and apparently made a backhand catch with his gloved hand just before the ball hit the dirt, falling on the ball as he did so. The runner on third had started for the plate and Boley, scrambling to his feet, chucked the ball to Fritz Maisel at third, apparently completing a spectacular double play that ended the game with Baltimore's winning by one run.

THE players started off the field and the crowd started swarming out of the stands. Then they saw me with my hands spread out signifying that the players were safe and yelling "No, no, no!" For the ball had dropped out of Boley's hand just before his body had fallen on it and hidden this fact from everybody but me.

Maisel dashed at me yelling, "What's the matter?" Jack Dunn rushed out from the bench.

"This game isn't over yet," I shouted.

"Why the hell isn't it?"

"Boley didn't make that catch," I replied. "He dropped the ball."

"Hear that, Joe?" shouted Dunn, turning to Boley. "He says you dropped the ball. How about it?"

"I did drop the ball, Jack," Boley said. "But he's the only guy in the ball park who saw it—and they say these umpires are blind."

To make it tougher for me, the next Buffalo batter slammed one for three bases and won the ball game. It was only Boley's being honest enough to admit that he had dropped the ball that saved my skin!

THE END

Crazy to Fight

Police Chief in Babel—Cold Hell with the Lid Off—Pestilence, Bandits, Reds—Continuing the Eventful Saga of General Sam Johnson, Wild Man of Seven Wars

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AFTER his adventures in Argentina the youthful Sam Johnson again knocked about the world before the mast. Reaching Hawaii, he enlisted in the Honolulu Guards. They became part of the National Guard of the United States; he became their colonel and a prosperous American citizen. For some years he found this a rather humdrum life, varied only by his heroic rescue of the crew of the wrecked barkentine Klikitat. But after the World War began he went to Johore on a timber hunt, and at Singapore, by sheer accident, became briefly involved in the arrest of a German secret agent. Later a brother of the German inferred mistakenly that Sam had betrayed him, and therefore in the jungle made two weird attempts upon Sam's life. Sam rounded up the brother—and found himself recalled to Honolulu, where he had been appointed adjutant general of the National Guard.

Presently he was a brigadier general. The United States declared war on Germany. He was wild to get to France, but the necessary order was not forthcoming. He relinquished his commission, began again as a private, worked up to the rank of major—all in vain. Eventually, however, he got a break. He was sent to Vladivostok in command of three thousand men of the Siberian A. E. F., under Major General William S. Graves.

PART FOUR—THE COSSACK YANK GETS ACTION

THE troops were paid off before they embarked in two unescorted transports, the Sheridan and the Logan.

On shipboard there was little for the men to do in their leisure moments except to gamble. Money changed hands constantly, but it remained in their pockets, a source of irritation because there was no way of spending it.

They spent it when they were allowed to go ashore at Otaru, Japan. They spent it lavishly and unwisely. Japanese police found them boisterous and sought to interfere with them. There were fights, in which the police were worsted. One policeman was killed. Complaints were wired to Tokyo. The American ambassador wired Major Sam Johnson to placate the citizens of Otaru at all costs.

He strolled toward the table and fired three shots in rapid succession, extinguishing every other light in the chandelier.

Johnson called on the general commanding the garrison, the mayor, the chief of police, and other officials. He expressed his regrets and explained why his troops had acted as they did. The American ambassador received a wire from the Japanese saying the American doughboys had been forgiven and that all was well.

Johnson then invited the ranking dignitaries of the town, and the general and his staff, to visit him on board the Logan.

There was an excellent dinner. The Japanese came loaded with medals and went away friends. The following day Johnson and fifteen of his officers were invited to a Japanese dinner ashore.

But now a difficulty arose. Not one of the American officers had a decoration. They were young men just out of West Point and the training camps. They hadn't had time to win any medals. But—could American officers let themselves be outdone by the Japanese? Never!

Sam had a brilliant idea. He had with him about fifty medals awarded him as prizes in pistol and rifle shooting, swimming, bicycle riding, and sports of other kinds.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HERBERT P. ROESE

by MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

True, they all had his name engraved on them—but what of that? Could the Japanese read English?

Each officer pinned on two or three medals. They looked very impressive as they stepped ashore. An escort of troops led them to the banquet hall. Everything was serene until one of the Japanese officers went from guest to guest, squinting through a monocle at the borrowed medals.

"WHAT a wonderful assortment of decorations your officers have!" he said. "But why have they all the name Samuel I. Johnson engraved on them?"

Captain Kenneth Roberts replied easily, "In our country it is the custom to engrave the name of our commanding officer on all decorations."

The honor of the American army had been saved—but when the news reached Honolulu the newspapers made much of it. There were funny stories, cartoons, and pictures. These were duly forwarded to Tokyo, deciphered, and explained. Japan felt it had been grossly insulted. And later on, when Major Johnson was recommended for the Order of the Rising Sun, the War Office refused the decoration for some time.

Then it was recalled that Johnson had saved the lives of Japanese fishermen, and he was once more forgiven.

The transports had been caught in a typhoon leaving Otaru. The Sheridan was blown against a breakwater and almost went over on its beam-ends. But the Logan weathered the gale—and rescued the fishing boat, which was tossing helplessly in the huge waves.

Major Johnson called for volunteers to man a lifeboat. Oil bags were thrown into the sea, and the lifeboat reached the fishing boat just before it sank. When the transports took up their voyage two days later the shore was lined with men, women, and children shouting "Banzai!" and the guns of the garrison roared in farewell salutes.

Vladivostok was occupied by English, French, Italian, Polish, Belgian, Serbian, Yugoslav, Chinese, and Japanese troops. The few Americans who had preceded the 3,000 from Camp Fremont had been moved into the interior.

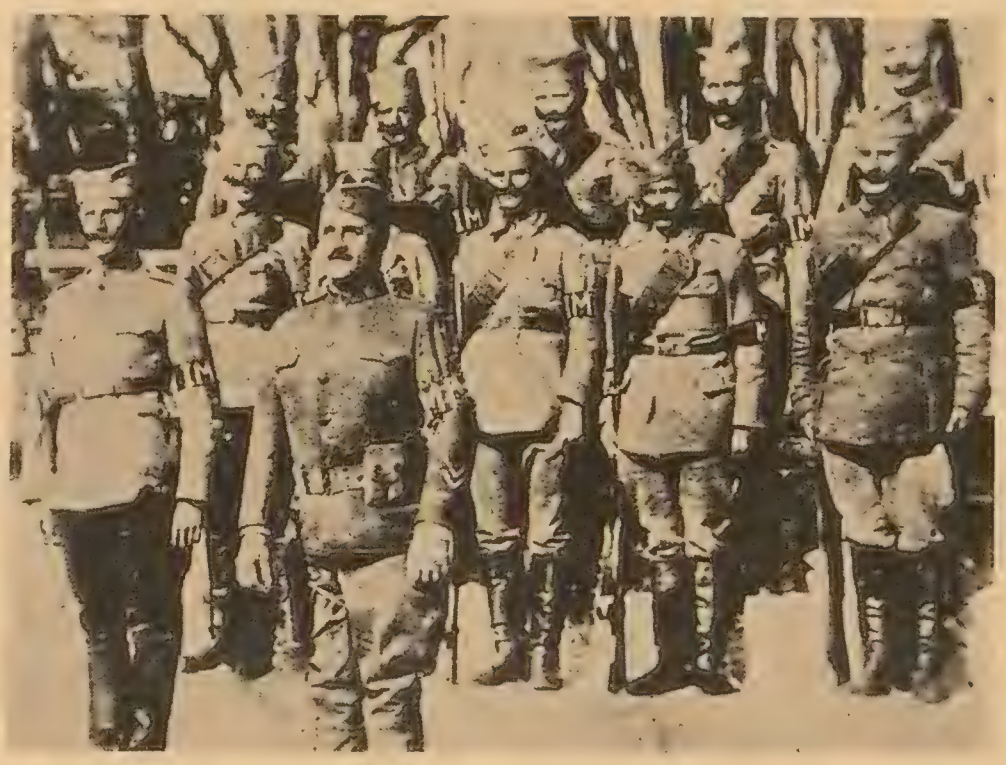
An epidemic of typhus was prevalent. Thousands of Russian bandits and Chinese half-breed bandits—*Hunhutzes*—and criminals and military prisoners, released from Siberian jails and prison camps by the revolution,

were openly plundering and killing. No attempt by the military had been made to check them. The police force took graft from them. There had been five police commanders in eighteen months. Two had been killed by women of the underworld. Two had been shot in the back. One had been blown up by a bomb. Opium dens and gambling houses were open night and day. "Kopeck Hill" was covered with filthy dives.

Shortly after Major Johnson's arrival one Nikitoff assumed command of the police. On the ninth day of his regime he was taken from a streetcar and hurried into the suburbs. Nails were driven into his shoulders, to mock his epaulets. And a Sam Browne belt was carved out of his hide.

The bandits even preyed on the soldiery. Every morning uniformed men of various nationalities were found dead or wounded on the streets.

The Allied commanders decided to put an end to this situation. They established an International Military Police force, each army agreeing to furnish a battalion of its best soldiers from which a quota of fifty men would be drawn daily for police duty. The city was divided into twelve sections, and each nation was to be held responsible for keeping order in the district assigned to it.



Major Johnson leading Serbian soldiers—one of the twelve nationalities represented under his command at Vladivostok.

Johnson, partly due to his long training as a soldier and partly to his ability to speak many languages, was placed in command of this unique force.* Brother officers expressed alarm for him—some sincerely, others making a joke of it. Many shook hands and wished him well, promising to avenge him. A gypsy fortuneteller prophesied he would die a violent death within two months.

"Maybe they'll get me," Johnson said, "but I'll get some of them in the meantime."

As soon as he could he nailed placards to the doors of every underworld habitat, warning that all crimes would be followed by immediate and severe punishment.

A FEW hours later he noticed that some of the placards had been slashed to ribbons. Others bore scribbled comments meaning, "Who the hell is Johnson?" "Remember what happened to Nikitoff!" and the like.

To rub in their disdain of the new police system, a band of men galloped up to the French Bank at noon, left their horses under guard, and entered shooting. They killed the cashier and wounded a woman typist. The woman hurled a typewriter through a window, attracting the attention of an American M. P. corporal patrolling the street. He pulled his gun and darted toward the bank, but the horse guards shot and wounded him. The bandits ran out, jumped on their horses, and raced down the street, taking with them a large amount of money.

The corporal, though badly wounded, was still conscious. "They scattered in all directions," he told Johnson. "But I'm sure I saw one take the road to Nikolsk."

At this moment a small detachment of Cossacks reined in their horses. Cossacks! Johnson was delighted to see them. And they were eager to help.

"Let us go after the man who took the Nikolsk road," their commander said. "It runs straight for thirty versts. He can't leave it and cut across country."

After pounding along for three versts, the pursuers, ten in number, sighted a rider. They spurred their mounts. The fugitive turned and emptied a Cossack saddle. The posse fired and killed the outlaw's horse. The rider, shot through the body, was badly wounded.

"Give me a cigarette, Amerikansky," he said.

The major bent over him as he inhaled.

"What do you know about this robbery?"

The dying man blew smoke into Johnson's face.

"Go to hell," he said. "I'll never tell you."

The Cossack officer took Johnson aside.

"Your pardon, commandant," he said. "I know how to bring speech from those lips. If the commandant would walk toward that tree—Military necessity demands we make this man reveal his secrets, but the commandant won't see or hear it if he inspects the tree's branches."

Johnson took the hint and strolled away.

THE outlaw talked—he was glad to talk. There were nine bandits, he said. They were going to meet at an abandoned house known as the Shamara Farmhouse and divide the loot.

Johnson propped up the dying criminal, gave him a few cigarettes, and pressed on to the rendezvous. They reached the farm shortly after sunset, concealed their horses, and surrounded the house. A full moon aided them.

The night passed quietly. One man left the house, and was allowed to go quite a distance before he was captured. A rider came in at daybreak, stabled his horse, and entered. Others followed, until there were eight men. Johnson had the prisoner brought before him.

"Go in there," he said. "Tell your friends we have them surrounded and they'd best surrender."

Shortly after the man went in the bandits opened fire. The police took cover and poured volley after volley into the house until the criminals hung out a white flag. One of the police had been killed; three were wounded. All the desperadoes had been wounded but were alive. The money was in two grain sacks.

The prisoners were loaded into a wagon and carted into town. On the road the police picked up the frozen body of the ninth, the man who had talked. The Russian authorities convened a drumhead court-martial at midnight, sentenced the robbers to be shot, and executed them before sunrise. They met their fate defiantly.

At daybreak nine bodies were arranged in a row in front of the bank. A card behind each corpse gave a name and a record. Each record ended with "Last crime—attempted to rob the French Bank."

The news spread rapidly through the underworld; but, to make sure that everybody heard it, the police distributed invitations to "visit your comrades in front of the French Bank."

Conditions were better for a time, but the noncoms turned in such voluminous daily reports that the major was annoyed. He didn't have time to read so much. He bade them to come to the point. They obeyed orders—as this report of Corporal Michael O'Toole would indicate:

Me and Bill Thomas. Patrolling Kopeck Hill. Met two Bolsheviks. One Bolshevik threw a bomb. Bomb didn't explode. Bill Thomas throws bomb back. Bomb explodes. Two Bolsheviks blown to hell.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Some of Major Johnson's experiences as commander of this force, recounted fully in the present series for the first time, were touched upon briefly by Major Goldsmith in an article in Liberty of September 30, 1933.

In making a personal inspection of the badlands, Johnson, accompanied by Corporal Nickovich, a hard-boiled straight-shooting doughboy of Serbian extraction, entered a low-class gambling joint.

Five tough-looking men were playing cards at a table. Above them was a chandelier with half a dozen bulbs.

One of the men scowled at the major, then drew a gun from his pocket and put it on the table beside him.

"Stay here," Johnson bade the corporal.

He strolled toward the table, snatched up the gun, and fired three shots in rapid succession, extinguishing every other light in the chandelier, then flung the weapon disdainfully on the table. As he turned away he saw Nickovich covering the players with a cocked automatic.

"I wish to God some of you would move," Nickovich said.

The story of Johnson's marksmanship went through town, as he wanted it to. It even reached American headquarters, and a Yankee staff officer came in to twit Johnson.

"How's the old eagle-eye this morning?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

Before he realized what had happened, Johnson had shot his cigarette in half. There was no more kidding.

An M. P. discovered a man robbing a woman on Svetlanskaya Street, the main thoroughfare. He pursued the robber and was shot by his confederate from a narrow alley. Johnson sent for a group of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police who formed part of his command.

"Our man was killed in your sector," he told them. "You have the reputation of getting your man. Live up to it."

THE Canadians located the murderer in a dive outside their sector. Johnson took a squad and surrounded the building. He entered with Nickovich. There was nobody on the ground floor. They climbed steps and found a closed and locked door. Johnson handed his automatic to Nickovich and threw his weight against the door, which yielded unexpectedly. He tumbled into the room and saw a man in a dim corner, gun in hand.

The man fired, the bullet inflicting a slight wound on the corporal's right leg.

"Damn it to hell," Nickovich cried, "that bullet doesn't belong to me! Have one of mine!"

He shot the murderer between the eyes.

The same corporal was with Johnson on a hunt for Bolsheviks who had raided an outlying village. Johnson had a body of troops, but he rode ahead with Nickovich, Sergeant Roder, and two Cossacks. They passed through a strip of woods and ran into a tremendous number of Bolsheviks. They fired a volley and galloped away. The Bolsheviks mounted and gave chase.

The corporal's horse began to lag behind, and the others had to rein in. Sergeant Roder was annoyed. "Ride harder, Nick!" he cried.

"What the hell do you think I'm doing?" the corporal yelled back. "Pulling this race?"

The Bolsheviks were getting uncomfortably close when the main police detachment galloped over a ridge—the troops Johnson had hoped to see. The Bolsheviks turned and ran, losing themselves in a forest.

Bells were pealing as the detachment came back into Vladivostok. Crazy soldiers were dancing in the streets. Everybody seemed mad with joy.

The armistice had been signed. The war was over.

But for the Yanks in Siberia, it seemed, it had only begun.

Shortly after the armistice Johnson found it necessary to co-operate with a Cossack detachment which had taken the field to suppress bands of Russian outlaws.

It felt good to be soldiering with Cossacks again. It recalled things in his boyhood, old dreams long forgotten, old ambitions, old customs—and an old name.

JOHNSON determined to make a good impression on Colonel Petroff. He had his boots polished until they glinted in the sun. The brass work on his uniform he had brightened until it dazzled all who saw. So arrayed, he set out for the Cossack camp.

The colonel was seated on an inverted bucket, tearing mouthfuls of meat off a soupbone.

"Sir, Major Johnson of the American Army to see Colonel Petroff."

The colonel glanced at Johnson's boots. He snorted and wolfed down a quantity of beef. He did not look up.

"Well," he said, "you are not a bad-looking officer. No spots on your nice uniform. Boots beautifully polished. You speak Russian well. You ride well. I saw you riding into camp. I suppose you know how to use a knife and fork and can do parlor tricks."

Johnson's face flushed with anger.

"But what we want is a man who can ride, swim, shoot, and fight," the colonel continued.

Johnson thought of the twenty-five-mile marathon swim he had won in Hawaii. He laughed. Why be angry at this old Cossack?

"I can swim that river in heavy marching order," he said, pointing to a near-by stream. "I can hit that pole yonder five times out of six with rifle or pistol. And I can fight as well as any Cossack."

"We don't lie in our army," the Cossack said. He pulled out his gun and handed it to Sam. "Your gun's too pretty," he said. "It might get dirty if you fired it. Use this one."

The pole was about thirty yards away. Sam hit it six times out of six, shooting as rapidly as he could.

"I'm ready for your other tests," he growled.

The colonel smiled. "Never mind the other tests, Brother Cossack! We'll take your word for it."

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Johnson returned the smile. He had come back to his own and was accepted as one of them. That is, he was accepted—all but his boots.

"They're much too long," the colonel pointed out. "You don't look like a Cossack in boots that long."

Sam had paid forty-five dollars for that pair and he was proud of them. He refused to alter them. So they were altered while he slept.

The colonel slashed the tops off them with a dirk and sent them back, saying, "I'll make a good Cossack out of the Amerikansky yet."

The days with the Cossacks ended only too soon. The marauders were wiped out. Johnson went back to other duties, in his cut-down boots.

Colonel Makaroff, chief of staff of Ataman Annenko, called to see him. He was a handsome Cossack. His silver ornaments, cartridges, and short swords had more glitter than Johnson's brass.

"Colonel Makaroff, I welcome you," Johnson said in the Cossack dialect.

Makaroff was utterly astonished.

"I was born a Cossack of the Don," Johnson explained.

"So was I. What part of the Don?"

Johnson named the district.

"My district too," Makaroff said. "What is the year of your cadet class?"

"The year 1890."

"That is my—" He did not finish the sentence. "Mother of God!" he cried. "You are Boris Ignatieff! I thought you dead these many years!"

The two men embraced Cossack fashion, kissing each other on the cheek. And in the next few weeks they spent as much time together as they could.

Makaroff was unhappy. His wife, Marusya, was in love with another man and wanted her freedom. "And some day I'll give it to her," he said.

He kept his promise dramatically. Johnson heard his friend had been wounded in an affray at the railroad station. He jumped into an auto and hurried to the depot, to find Makaroff dying. He pillowed Makaroff's head on his lap.

"Give me a cigarette, please, Boris," Makaroff said. He took a few puffs. His eyes dimmed.

"Marusya," he whispered. "She's free now. Free."

Johnson had found a boyhood friend only to see him die. But Vladivostok gave him little time to grieve. He had scarcely returned to his quarters when he learned that "the Czechs are on a rampage."

FIVE Cossack officers had killed a Czech. All had escaped but one, whom the Czechs meant to hang.

"Roder!" Johnson called. "Nickovich! Follow me."

The three Americans plowed their way into the midst of an excited Czech mob dragging a Cossack with a rope around his neck. They rescued him and held off the mob until other military police came running up.

The prisoner was lodged in the guardhouse, and Johnson started after the four other Cossacks in an automobile, taking Corporals Nickovich and Masury with him. The killers had gone in the direction of their camp.

Johnson drove into the camp. This Cossack colonel was not Petroff nor anything like Petroff. "I am honored," he said. "Join me in a glass of vodka."

"No, thank you, colonel. I'm not here for a social call. I want those four murderers."

The colonel knew nothing about any murderers.

"Produce them immediately," Johnson demanded.

"I must remind you, major, that I give orders here."

"Then order your men to give themselves up."

The colonel's livid face twitched with anger.

"You speak boldly. Your life is in my hands."

Johnson's automatic was pressed into his stomach.

"You are mistaken, colonel. It is your life that is in my hands. And I'm the one who gives orders. Turn those men over to me at once or I'll take you to Vladivostok as a hostage."

The colonel didn't know where the men were.

"They're in your tent. Either you or they will get into that automobile. Make up your mind. Be quick!"

The colonel sullenly barked an order. Four glowering Cossack officers emerged from his tent, suffered themselves to be disarmed, and got into the car.

They were tried the next morning by a Russian court-martial. One was sentenced to death, the others to confinement at hard labor for fifteen years.

Major Johnson's athletic and sports medals, which his officers wore to dinner at Otaru, Japan. Below these medals are some of his military decorations.

THE Czechoslovak Republic awarded its Distinguished Service War Cross to Johnson for this exploit, stating in a citation that "his excellent judgment, splendid presence of mind, inspiring coolness, and absolute fearlessness proved him a true type of American officer."

A Russian newspaper began to publish false and scurrilous statements about the American troops in Vladivostok. Sam's pride was hurt. He went to see the editor, accompanied by some of his boys. The editor showed hostility. Johnson knew only one way to handle him.

"Wreck this place," he bade his men. "And do a good job of it."

The editor refused to get up from his chair. He was thrown out into the snow, chair and all, and they went to work, singing as they wrecked.

Johnson, back at his office, was reading reports when a bullet came through the windowpane, leaving a tiny hole. It whined close to his ear. He crept to the window, automatic in hand, but he saw nobody. He moved his desk—and, just to keep on the alert, used the bullet hole as a target every morning, firing a shot through it.

A foreign officer came in one morning. He could shoot through the little hole too, he said. He was as good a marksman as Johnson. He brought in a group of friends to watch him prove it. He took aim, fired, and shattered the entire pane.

While everybody was laughing at the officer, news came that Nickovich had been wounded. He had met a group of bandits, had jumped behind a telegraph pole, pulled his gun, and begun shooting. He killed two and badly wounded two others. But he had a bad gash in his leg.

Johnson found the chaplain talking to Nickovich.

"You must have prayed hard, my son," the good man commented. "That's why you were spared."

"I didn't," Nickovich said; "but I shot like hell!"

How Major Sam with two noncoms cowed eighteen bandit chiefs; how he and seven other Yanks, pistol in hand, dared a company of Japanese infantry to start a war with the United States; how he hunted down an icy graveyard's "ghosts"—these are but samples of the true stories Major Goldsmith will tell of him next week.

NOTICE
AS SOON AS I CAN GET LITTLE SILVIA SIGNED FOR SIX SPOOLS, ME AN' DAVE IS GONNA BUY A MANSION IN BEVERLY.
THE CASTING DIRECTOR SAYS I'VE GOT TO GIVE THE CURTAIN AN' MUFF THE GILLETTE AN' PLAY A JUVENILE
THANK HEAVEN BOOTH IS NOT ALIVE TO SEE ME TROUPING IN THESE HORSE OPERAS.
AINT THAT GRAND.
ICH OUCH
VARIETY
ACH OTTO, ICH HABA FEEL GELT GAMADE VIT JOE VEBER.
BERT GREEN

"This leaves *me* back on the bench at Izzy Gold's casting agency."

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

In Which a Red-Headed Nurse and a Near-Depression in the Flicker Colony Almost Wreck a Hectic Romance

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

SOCKO OBRIEN
BEAN BAG INN
BOSTON MASS
SINCE WHEN DID YOU REQUIRE MASSAGES FROM A RED HEADED NURSE GINGER RYAN

Bean Bag Inn,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Ginger,

I was just in the act of soakin my corns when your snooty wire arrived insultin me.

So youre ravin because I wrote you about meetin the nurse, eh? Gees, it just goes to show you cant boost a strange doll to your girl friend without touchin off the fireworks.

Listen, kid, before you start beefin, I'm goin to tell you the whole story of how I met Vivian —I mean Miss McKay. It all happened like this:

The other night when Horizontal McSwivel knocked me through the ropes at the Panic A. C., I very foolishly buried my nose in a typewriter. When I came to, I found myself quilted down in a hospital. The next thing I knew, theys a cute little red headed trick bendin over me askin if I would choose to partake of some nourishment.

Honest to gawd, Ginger, thats the way I came to meet her.

Well, to lay it all on the line, she was my nurse durin the week the medico was rearrangin my snozzle. An believe you me she did everythin to make me ample comfy. She not only pinched the choice grub in the joint for me, but she manicured my lunch hooks an even gave me rub downs twiced the day. No kiddin, she was a *gift* from heaven. So, if you think for one minute I could be heel enough to forget her youre all out of gear. It just cant be done. And get this too, Sweetie, she dont mean any more to me than gin does to a traffic cop. Honest.

Anyway, in order to square myself for all the nice

things she did, I dated her up for a swell feed. I took her to Chez O'Learys, which happens to be the Ritz-Palace of the Lobster League.

Well, we no sooner got our laps full of table cloth than Vivian began gettin very confidential.

"Whats your full name, Big Boy?" she tees off.

"James Aloysius O'Brien," I says. "But the fight fans call me Socko."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I got a rep for sockin em monkeys all over the ring."

"How wonderful!" she says. "I just *love* the name of Socko."

"So does my sweetie," I says.

"Your sweetie?" she pops. "Then youre engaged?"

"No--we're gonna get married."

"Married?"

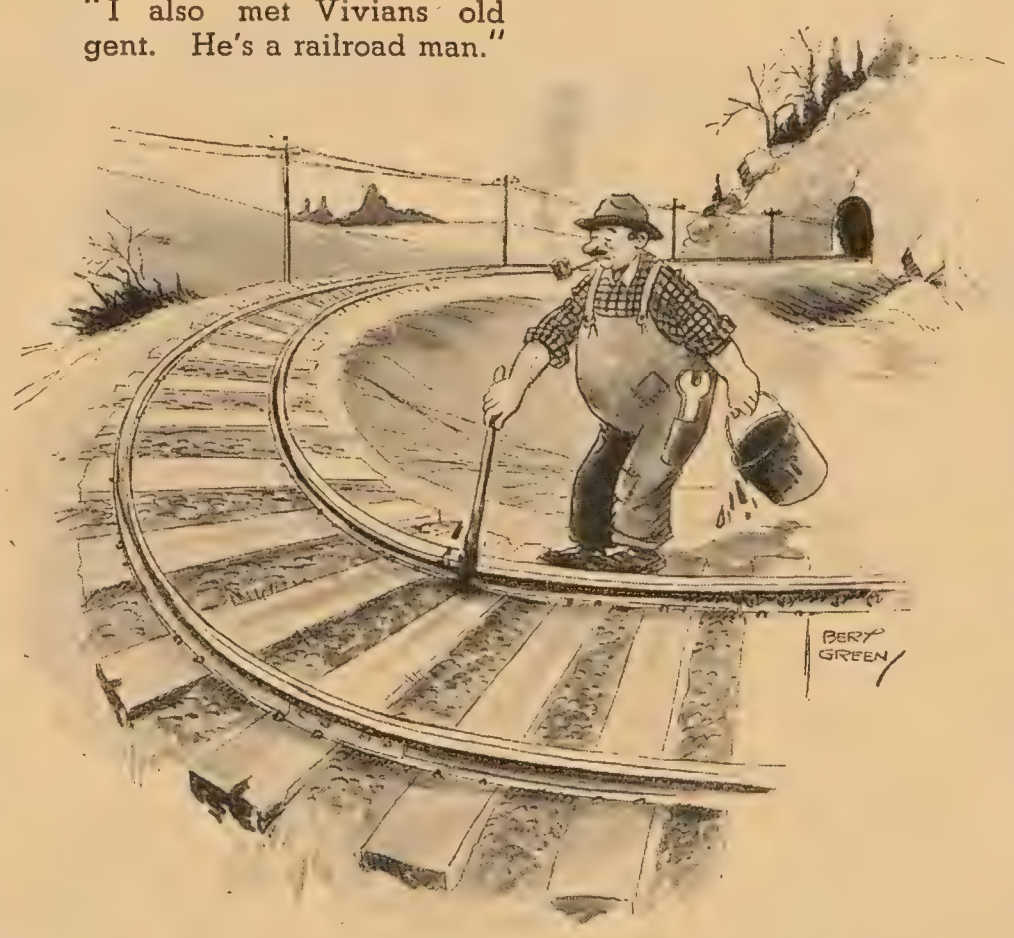
"Yeah, but not for a while," I said. "You see, my girl friend lives in Hollywood."

"Hollywood?" she pops.

"Sure, why?"

"Well, good lookin, if I was *your* cutie, you wouldnt catch *me* leavin a big handsome he devil like you loose. Not much! Besides, youve been badly battered. What you need is *femanine attention* and *I'm* goin to take care of you."

"I also met Vivians old gent. He's a railroad man."



With that she ran her fire engine cuticles through my locks, fillin me with duck bumps. Well, after that, Love Lips, she got very clubby, so I climbed into the sailor pants an ordered a quart of sparklin grape.

After that me an her had a very interestin session. You know, when a registered nurse like her takes a personal interest in a guys anatomy he's gonna *get places*, specially in the fight racket.

While we were tearin the retractin gear off a lobster, she gives me a rough idea of how she could build me up with *muscle massages*. She said by the time I get through takin the coarse of *sixty treatments* me an her will be pals an I'll be head man in the Assalt an Battry business.

Sos we could get better acquainted, she invited me up to her old gents joint on Pinckney Street, Beacon Hill, which is the Park Avenue of the Brown Bread Belt.

Well, believe me, Ginger, I want you to know Vivian comes from very classy people.

First of all, her granpop was a deck hand on the May Flower the day the Boston Tea Party had their outing. Hes the guy that tossed the Oolong overboard.

I also met Vivians old gent, he's a very historical number too. Vivian says he's got a very important job. He's a railroad man, he greases the bends on the Boston & East Lynn line. He goes to work at 2 P. M. an gets through at 4 in the mornin, givin him the rest of the day to himself. I imagine he must meet a lot of very interestin people. Vivian said he had another job on the side openin oysters, but he had to toss it on account of his ulsters hurtin him.

Vivians mother was very sick. It seems the doc gave her a tonic loaded with Jamaica rum, but instead of her takin it three times the day as she shoulda, the poor old lady took it every five minutes an somehow or other she fell off the roof draggin all the fire escapes with her an breakin most of her slats. The old man has to work overtime greasin more bends on the railroad to pay the doctors rap.

Vivians aunt is under the doctors care too. It seems she was anklin across Common Wealth Avenue one day when a furniture truck accidently ran over her Adams apple. Ever since then the poor dame has been a bit touched or somethin. The doc says some of her Cotter pins are loose.

All these things make it so hard on Vivian, poor kid. Its lucky she has such a swell guy for a brother, because she needs a backstop in that family. Duffy—thats the brother—is a great lad. When I met him he was right in the midst of tearin the diamonds out of a broach an I could see he was very handy with his mitts. He had a very important engagement with a gentleman called a Paroll Officer that lives in a large gray institute up the line.

It seems that Duffy accidently got his duke caught in a dudes pocket when he was ridin in the subway, an poor Duffy went to the cansky. If you ask me, I think it was just a bum frame up.

Well, as soon as Duffy hauled hips to greet the Paroll guy Vivians aunt began hittin the old ladys tonsil bleach, so Vivian thought we'd better scram before her auntie began cutting up and going into her trapeze act. On top of that, Madam McKay was so far gone from inhalin the rum remedy that she accidently swollowed her pivet teeth an folded for the evenin.

Bein that I'm Vivians patient, she suggested that we bounce over to my hotel so she could give me a massage, and I thought so too. We no sooner got into the lobby than the dummy behind the desk gave me a wire from my New York manager informin me that I should step ten frames with a palooka by the name of Flat Iron Finnegan at the Homicide A. C. on the 22th.

As soon as I got a load of the news, I informed Vivian that the massage coarse would have to be postponed. Honest, if she'd lost her laundry she couldnt have been more overcame.

She was so disappointed she beat it home without layin a finger on me.

So you see, Ginger, everythin was above bored.

Anyway, why should *I* be making these excuses to *you* when *youre* running around in Hollywood with Mr. Goodwin, that four flushin megaphone maniac?

If you think its all right for *you* to promote *your* curves and career in Hollywood, why shouldnt I get my muscles massaged in Boston? Since when have you gone Emily Post?

But all kiddin aside, Ginger, theres nobody can take *your* place in my heart. I might clown with Vivian an all that, but theys nothin to it. Believe me, Toots, I love you so much I ache all over.

Just to show you how much I *do* love you, I showed your pitcher to the elevator starter, and he said you were a cute little trick an a dead wringer for a cooch dancer he used to have in Harlem. Aint that nice?

Well, I'm gonna crawl in the hay now an imagine we're spliced.

Write soon!!!

Your ever lovin Dream Boy, SOCKO.

P.S. I was just tryin to get my socks off when the phone rang. It was Vivian. She says she just arranged to be transfurred to the Double Jointed Infirmary in New York so she could be near me, so I guess that means I'm in on my Swedish massages after all.

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

Well, it looks as though our romance is on the skids.

Listen, Dumbell, I've been pretty patient with you ever since I've known you. Yes, even when they were knocking you colder than an Eskimo in those punk preliminaries in the whistle stop armories. But when you begin losing decisions to red headed nurses, its time for me to put on the runnin shoes and do a fade out.

I guess you forget the heavy sales talk you slipped me a couple or three years ago in the lunch wagon down on Chatham Square, remember? You told me that if I would stick to you through thick and thin I'd be parking my hips in a leaping limousine and the footman would be calling me Mrs. Socko O'Brien.

Malarkey!

Yeah, and what did it choose me? Nothin but wrinkles and a load of grief. Listen Big Boy, ever since I've known you I've been dining in beanerys and giving the O'Sullivans a work out. I even tried to front for you in the fight racket. And what did it get me? Nothing but asperin!

I bowed you out of that breakaway joint overlooking the gas house and staked you to a respectable walk-up on Delancey Street and what did you do? Why you no more than moved in than those crackpots you were trooping with set the landladys bed on fire.

Yes and I not only got you out of that sweet mess but I introduced you to an important fight promoter who was willing to get you places. The first bout he set for you was a pushover. Everything was in your favor. The club was not only packed to the skylight, but when your dizzy opponent stepped in the ring he sported a fractured dog. You had the chance of a lifetime to make a rep for yourself. Yes, and what did *you* do? Good grief, when the bell clanged you pranced in the ring sporting a two-day *hangover* and the stumblebum put you to sleep. What a Champ!

Youve not only made a valentine out of yourself before the fight fans, but the pushing around youve given *me* has been terrific. Every dopey move in your career, both in and out of the ring, has been a jolt right under my heart. I'm just about fed up.

When I hauled hips for Hollywood I figured it might snap you out of your coma and start you shadow boxing for the Big League. But instead of that you wind up in the arms of a *red headed bandit* that loves to maul your muscles and tell you how big and grand you are. Baloney! Yeah, and when you try to fight, some little needlenosed palooka—the size of a peekaneese—spreads you like a rug.

Wheres it gonna end?

Heres how it hits me. Just keep on messing around with that chiselling cutie and youll wind up wrapping bundles in a chain store. And that delightful family of hers you rave about. Society people to you! Whata troup? The old man greases the bends for the choo-choos, the old lady inhales the nose paint, the brother glorifies the cansky, and the prop aunt plays right field for the nut hatch. What class!

Just keep up the good work, Dearie, and youll be about as popular with me as Hitler is with the frogs.

Regardless of what *you* do, *I'm* going to ace around with this big shot director whos giving me a heavy play and get myself featured in the cinema. Right now I'm leaning on the sympathy treatment because Mr. Goodwin needs plenty. If I can kiss myself into his good graces I'll rate ample attention and become a star.

As I told you in my last letter, when Mr. Goodwin took me to Caliente in his plane he moved me into a high-hat party and gave me a big buildup to Colonel Solomon Slopworth, who happens to be head man of Sexicolor Productions. And did he go for me? Not much! Anyway, while the Hollywood celebs were kicking the gong around the Colonel received a wire tipping him off that the Wall Street bankers from the Pursuit National Bank were on the rattler heading West to give his books the once over.

With these glad tidings in mind, the Colonel and his friends did a community handspring and did a Roscoe Turner back to Hollywood. It seems it was very important that the Colonel grab the company books and put them in the hands of a Chinee C. P. A. before the Pursuit officials lamped them.

Right now the efficiency experts are climbing all over the Iris, Static and Sexicolor studios, and the panic is on. Uncles, aunts and misfits who were on the payroll are falling out the windows and scrambling for cover. Four supervisors—(who were janitors in the East) got stuck in the chimney. As far as Colonel Slopworth is concerned, he's running around with his head under one arm and his toupee under the other. Mr. Goodwin is not only between pictures but between checks. This leaves *me* back on the bench at Izzy Gold's casting agency. This spot may be quite a comedown from the Beverly Hills pollutocrats I've been mingling with, Socko, but a girl has to make contact with a new set of money for groceries in the meanwhile.

Therefore Mr. Goodwin was kind enough to put the clamp on Monsieur Gold in my behalf. The result was, I grabbed the first important part that bounced into his office. So my next immitation on the screen will be the ministers daughter in The Passionate Pot-Rassler, a two-spool convulsion produced by a quickie outfit.

If I survive the ordeal I'll write you all about it.

Before I sign off, take notice, Big Boy, that if I hear of you toying around with that red headed body snatcher, its curtains! Laf that off.

GINGER.

Further intimate details of the hectic courtship of Ginger and Socko will be published in an early issue.

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From Washington . . .

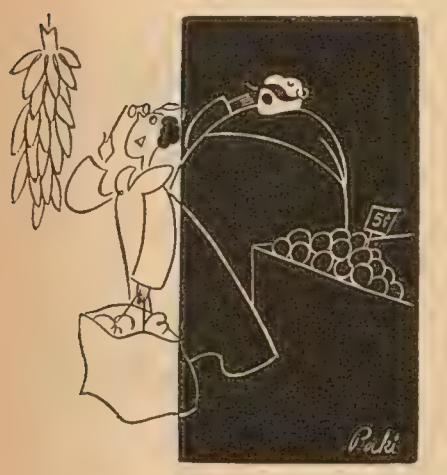
by Pprincess ALEXANDRA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

● Five of Washington's best-known political women were asked how they feel about being in politics, and how they think a woman in politics should behave. I asked 'em. Here's what they told me:

Ellen S. Woodward said, "Never flirt with the men you meet in politics. Never tell the men what to do—just help them do it." Ellen Woodward directs women's work for FERA. She's an attractive Southerner from the State of Mississippi. Political family.

Edith Nourse Rogers said, "A woman in politics ought not to expect more courtesy than a man. When I ask a man for political help nothing makes me madder than to have him say, 'Who could refuse such a beautiful lady!'" Edith Rogers always carries a fluffy white chiffon handkerchief, always wears a floral corsage. She is the Congresswoman from Massachusetts.



Hattie Caraway is our only woman Senator. She never has made a speech in the Senate —no, not one single speech! "The men," she told me, "always seem to have so much to say."

Emily Newell Blair said, "If I had known what political work was going to be like, I probably would have been too frightened to try it. But now that I'm in it I enjoy it." Emily Blair runs the Consumers' Advisory Board for NRA. She is a wee tiny woman, rather the Janet Gaynor type. Looks much too young to have grown-up children.

Florence Kahn, ample and vigorous Congresswoman from California, has been thirty-two years in Washington, has specialized in procedure and rules so the men cannot outsmart her technically. She said, "I am never so flattered as when some man politician forgets I'm a woman and swears at me. A Congressman once shook his fist at me in the House and called me a damn California gold digger. That was fine."

● For social life in Washington the New Center Market is almost as important as the Chevy Chase Country Club. Washington dinner guests require swell dinners. A typical menu goes somewhat like this: cocktails and caviar; consommé Du Barry; terrapin or lobster; game or a roast; salad with Maryland ham in aspic; a frozen pudding; fresh strawberries in liqueur. All of which takes *some* marketing!

Any morning about eleven o'clock you can find most of the prominent hostesses at market, poking raw meat to test its tenderness, smiling at the best vegetables or frowning at poorer herbage. I assure you the whole distaff side of Washington officialdom pays great attention to what's for dinner.

Such joints of beef! Often they weigh fourteen or fifteen pounds. Huge roasts of hearty meat all ready for the kitchen—and the politicians. Trotting through this vast market with Hazel Vandenberg, wife of the Senator, while she bought ham, fruit, and cheese for a feast, I noted the following succulent merchandise: fully a dozen kinds of homemade sausages from near-by farms . . . slabs of corn-meal mush ready to slice and fry . . . an old Southern relish made of shredded coconut and horse-radish . . . every variety of fish that swims the seas, brooks, or lakes . . . homemade preserves and jellies . . . home-grown flowers . . . pats of country butter, golden-hued and stamped in the old-fashioned way with a picture of a cow or a sheaf of wheat.

Upstairs over the market there is a bowling alley where the Senators work off some of the weight they acquire from the groceries sold below. Four bowling Senators are Hale, Carey, Hastings, and Vandenberg.

● Big Washington lobbyist exposed himself to the limelight recently after years of dodging publicity. Lonesome in New York, he sought a night club. Strange woman sat down beside him. He jumped without looking to another table. Other table happened to be occupied by a gypsy fortuneteller—with some news photographer hanging around for a chance picture. *Foof!* goes the flashlight. Now our big lobbyist is in the tabloids. Moral for lobbyists: *All* night life is out.

● *Strictly feminine observation:* Cigar butts and peanut shells on the steps of the Senate office building; steps of the House office building littered exclusively with cigarette butts.

● At the palatial British Embassy you may behold green gardens with pergolas in them, a sunken bathing pool, a ballroom with real marble columns, special carpets from India, four hundred windows, and miles of majestic corridors which could (but won't) be wonderful for roller-skating.

Ambassador Sir Ronald Lindsay showed me around. I glowed with admiration. "Decorating an embassy," remarked Sir Ronald, "must be a thankless task. No ambassador's wife is ever satisfied with the place as she finds it."

Next day I heard his words confirmed by Mrs. William Duncan Herridge, wife of the Canadian Minister and sister of Canada's Premier. She was giving me tea at the time (and homemade chocolate cake).

"That's true," she laughed. "No one is ever completely satisfied away from home. We bring back carloads of our own things every time we go to Canada."

The Herridges live in a small mansion built originally by a millionaire meat packer. Rumor says their icebox is silver-plated. It isn't. But their own silver is magnificent. Dozens of place plates engraved with autographs of members of the Canadian Parliament. Wedding gift to Mrs. Herridge when she married.

To the Ladies!

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

● "Good horses know their own business," says Dorothy Herbert. "On the jumps I let my horse take care of me. He's the one who does the jumping—so I let him boss the job."

Dorothy explains that system as a secret of her success. She is said to rank now as the world's leading circus rider. Comes from Louisville, Kentucky; is twenty-four years old; has been a star of the sawdust ring since she was fifteen. Meeting her, I found a slim little yellow-haired girl with nice blue eyes, hard muscles, a frank personality. Folks call her Dot.

"You can't fool a smart horse," she told me. "When you're lazy they know it, and slow up their work. If you get mad they get mad. Horses are mind readers. Sometimes they're almost *too* intelligent."

She ran away from home to be a circus queen. Rode first in a Ben-Hur show, then with various outfits, finally with the Ringling show, where she now jumps over bonfires riding *under* the horse—hanging on by the harness. Has been asked to try other animal acts—lions, for instance—but declined with thanks. No lions for Dot!

Her circus companions are girls from Japan, Germany, Hungary, Russia, Spain, and Sweden. They talk a rich language mixture. Dorothy says she's afraid her English is slipping. Right now her big domestic problem is the annual redecoration of her private stateroom in the circus Pullman. Can't make up her mind what color she wants this year. Last year she had pink.

● Romantic people believe in love at first sight. A stronger faith is required for belief in love at a distance—for love prevailing, *par exemple*, over the eyestrain of fifteen years' separation. I have in mind a case of a sustained affection which has kindled anew the hearts of a man and woman after more than a dozen sterile years.

DOROTHY HERBERT

He met her in Florida fifteen years ago. They were both staying at a small hotel. They fell in love, but her family interfered. Said he wasn't prosperous enough. Broke up the match. Dutifully she married another man, philosophically she accepted widowhood when it came to her. Her husband left her a little money. Enough to travel modestly. Florida? Why not? And there in Florida she found the little boardinghouse where she had known her first love. She bought the place. Re-established it as a small hotel.

Now—you can believe me or not—one of the casual tourists who drifted in was the man she had met there and fallen in love with fifteen years ago. He was still a bachelor. Now their troubles are over. I cannot tell you whether or not they have celebrated their reunion with wedding bells. I presume they will do so sooner or later. Anyhow, that is none of my business. I am glad they have found each other. I'm glad they're happy.

● A botanical miser has succumbed to my wiles—has given unto me the trade secret for keeping orchids nice and fresh. It is quite a trick. First you unwind the wire from the stem of the orchid. Now split the stem with a sharp knife. Split it up about half an inch from the end of the stem.

Put the stem in water—don't get the flower wet. Split the stem a little bit higher each day. Your orchid will last at least a week—longer if you keep it in the icebox.

● A popular story asks this: "What's the most admirable feature of a woman?" Ignoring possible ribaldries, I believe the problem has meaning and importance. Will you allow me to reverse its gender? Let me ask you what masculine characteristic you find most attractive.

A man's face? His hair, his voice, his big broad shoulders? Or the compelling vigor of his impulses?

When you like a man, can you analyze your reasons for liking him?

● Our scientists have been investigating the cash values of decency. Scientists have been asking good people how much money they would take to practice certain atrocities—cannibalism, for instance. It seems the average man or woman would eat you or me for about $36,000. I think such tests are not as significant as they might be. Very few of us are prepared to eat each other. But let *me* ask you women a couple of questions:

For how much personal advantage—social or financial—would you ignore a child of yours who was hungry and destitute?

To what degree would you give up the love of your parents, your family, and your friends, if by so doing you could become the most beautiful woman in the world?

● In a book that is "*beautiful and terrible*"—I quote this phrase from a splendid book review by Lorine Pruette—John Clayton (Englishman) has written a novel about a time, more than seven hundred years ago, when mankind was disturbed (as we are now disturbed) by deep questions of faith. John Clayton's book is called Dew in April. (Published by Claude Kendall & Willoughby Sharp, Inc.) Unless you read only for light amusement, you ought to get it.

● A pretty summer style has just been launched by the New York designers: over a sleeveless slip of printed crepe or taffeta floats a transparent redingote of marquisette.

The effect is cool, elegant, elusive. The sleeves, full and transparent, make arms look lovely. I swooned with desire for black marquisette over rose-pink taffeta dotted with black and pale blue dots.

End of the Line

A Short Short Story

by ARCHEY CAMERON NEW

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

MOANS of anguish at the loss of an inmate blared from the giant horn on the state penitentiary gate.

Standing on the dimly lit interurban platform, Windy Joe Devitt, Tribune star reporter, strained his ears. He caught the scattered sirens of cruising police cars. Around the curve rattled the midnight trolley.

Joe had just boarded it when Doris Naughton of the Star came rushing down the platform.

"Whew!" She fanned herself and then loosened her raincoat as the two of them settled into a rear seat. "I certainly had to do a Paul Revere to catch this one."

"Why stall so long in the warden's office?" Devitt cocked his soggy fedora over one eye. "My dear little girl, my lovely little rival, with our respective dead lines in the immediate future—are you trying to scoop *me?* It's really simple," he went on, airily. "Killer Cresston broke jail—right? He hammered some poor gent over the head—right? Say, by the way, did you get any identification of the victim?"

The clumsy jolting of the car caused the girl's head to nod a false affirmative, which she corrected.

"Not yet. He wore nothing but the Killer's prison uniform. Before he lapsed into unconsciousness he muttered, 'He took my car—he took my car.'"

The trolley screeched to a halt to take on a grimy file of factory workers. It jerked and started again.

"You see, that's where a smart investigator like myself is licked," continued Devitt. "I've got nothing—absolutely nothing—to work on. Any chump—and meaning no offense, sister—can get the jail-break story. The capture is the big story. Killer Cresston isn't the No. 1 state enemy for nothing. He's got brains. If the Killer gets by this police road blockade into the city he has a million hide-outs. Then he will be tough to flush. Now, if I was in charge of this man hunt—"

Here the car stopped so suddenly the kneecaps of both reporters went banging into the seat ahead. Devitt laughed as a smudgy laborer, swearing at the motorman in his curtained booth, disembarked.

"Poor fellow," the girl sighed. "He was taken way past his stop."

"Sounded to me," interrupted Devitt, "like he forgot to push the button and he thought he ought to be left off anyway. These Polacks pay a nickel and expect a tropical cruise with a mind-reading skipper. Now, about this man hunt—"

There were more grinding stops, more stops, more arguments, ribald shouts, the clanging of the trolley gong, with the girl carefully inspecting each departing passenger.

Devitt noticed his companion's preoccupation. "Say, you don't suppose one of these mill hands—"

The girl shook her head. "No. They all look familiar to me. You see, I live out in this end of town."

The trolley crawled down paved streets now, with frequent stops to disentangle switches and unload passengers.

"I never miss a bet," continued Devitt, "and I have lucky hunches. I'll bet Killer Cresston is headed north. I wonder how fast his buggy is anyhow?"

He nudged his neighbor. "Sister, what's your guess?"

A pair of blue eyes blinked. "I beg your pardon?"

"I asked you," Devitt repeated testily, "what type of gas buggy do you think Cresston is tooling the landscape in at this moment? Remember the fellow he conked moaned about his hijacked car?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet he hasn't got a jerky—" The girl suddenly started up. "This slowpoke will never make it in time for my dead line. I'm getting off here and phone my story in—if you'll press that button, please."

The trolley skidded to a halt. The girl leaned over and whispered to the motorman. He nodded. She turned, grinned impishly at her rival, and waved a good night. As the trolley jerked on again Devitt could see her enter a phone booth of a corner Coffee Pot.

Twenty minutes later the car crawled down the residential streets. Devitt was dozing.

THE first wail roused him. He looked out the window. Splashing along at his side was a low black police car, another following. He rubbed the steamed glass and then he saw them—the gaping menacing throats of tommy guns. They were pointed directly at the trolley, which slithered and jerked to a halt.

The front door shattered and glass littered the platform. There followed the grim police order: "Stick 'em up, Killer!" And the motorman, his brass buttons shining, stepped out from behind his curtain, his lips peeled back in a snarl, his hands high over his blue hat.

Photographers' bulbs flashed. They were Star men, Devitt noted with dismay. Then out of a taxi popped Miss Naughton.

"I'm afraid it's a scoop, Windy," she said.

Devitt could only stare. "You mean this is all in your paper?"

"Yep, Windy. Thanks to you, it's all in."

"Me?" fairly screamed Windy.

"Sure thing. Remember when you asked me what sorta car I thought Killer was using? Well, at that precise moment that trolley was scraping my knees and jarring my teeth, and the light dawned on me. Then, when I remembered that most of those laborers who were regulars were being taken past their stops and getting abuse from a strange motorman—well, I just played my hunches."

"But he seemed polite enough when you whispered to him before you got off," grumbled Devitt.

"Ah, that little tête-à-tête, Windy, spilled the beans. I asked him if I could snatch a bite to eat and still make the next trolley. He said 'yes.' A regular motorman would have known there is no trolley after midnight. That's why I ran so darn hard to catch this one."

THE END

KELVINATOR FOOD FILE

WILL SAVE YOU TIME · TROUBLE AND MONEY

You will be, we honestly believe, just as enthusiastic about the Kelvinator Food File as the hundreds of thousands of women from coast to coast who have acclaimed it the *most desirable* feature on an electric refrigerator today.

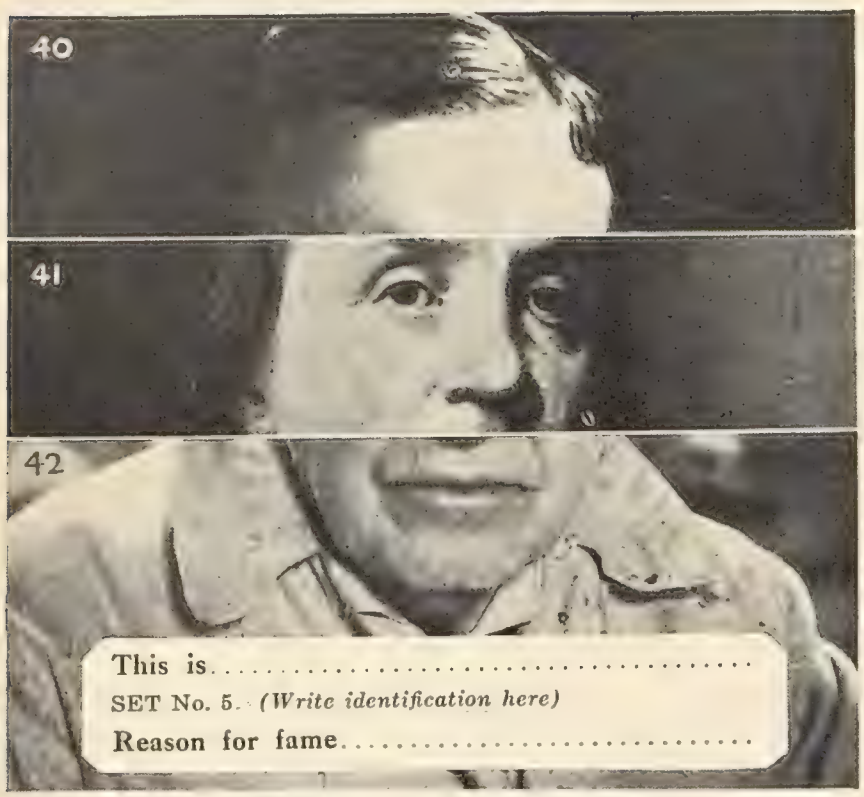
What a convenience feature! What a time and trouble saver! And what an economy feature! You cannot help but realize that here is the ONE feature you will want most in your electric refrigerator.

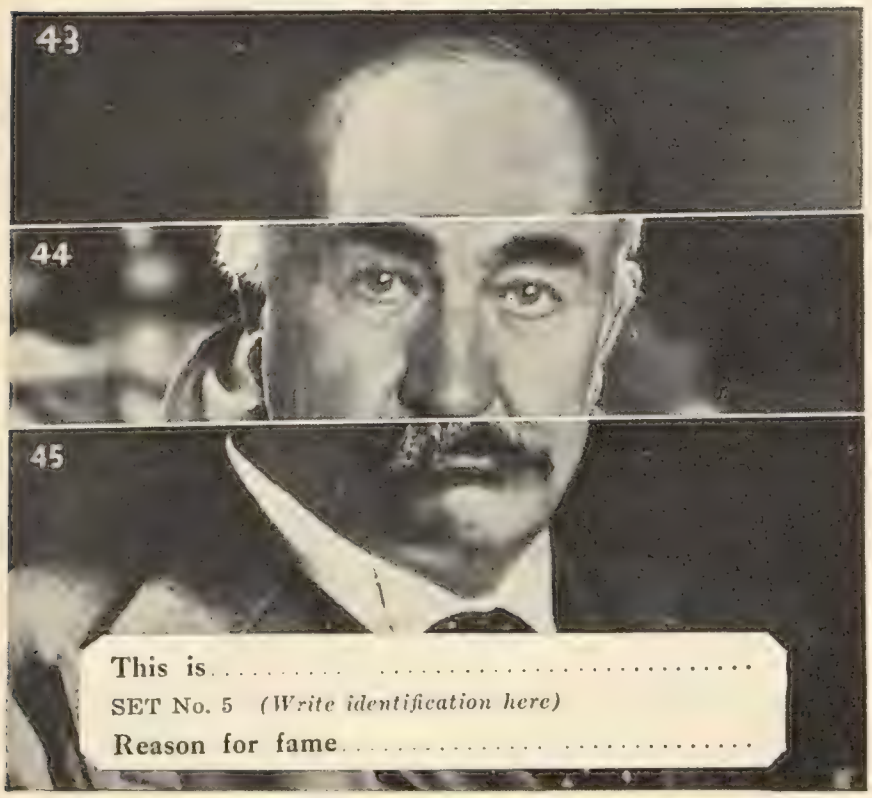
The illustration above shows the three separate compartments of the Kelvinator Food File. On the right are the Thrift Trays—beautiful china dishes where left-overs can be kept until you are ready to serve them. In the center is the Kelvin Crisper where you can keep leafy vegetables fresh, and crisp and tender for weeks. And, on the left is the Dairy Section, a convenient, safe place for eggs, butter and cheese.

The Food File was pioneered by Kelvinator. It was scientifically designed as an integral part of the refrigerator and not merely a basket or a dish placed here, there or anywhere in the refrigerator. It is a great feature. And you will find many more in the beautiful new 1935 models. On the model shown above, notice the fruit basket on the top shelf; the porcelain cooling unit with the Tu-tone chrome, self-closing door; the spaciousness of the food compartment. Other features are the automatic electric light; porcelain interior; rust-proof shelves; large ice capacity; 5-Purpose Control Panel; the hinged shelf; chrome hardware of exclusive pattern; and many more.

There are 19 models from which to choose. And, regardless of your requirements, you can get a Kelvinator and know without question that you are making a wise, sound investment in electric refrigeration . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

19 MODELS $77.50 AND UP
INSTALLED, PLUS FREIGHT





$5,000 CASH PRIZE GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

You Still Have Time to Enter— Your Chance to Win Is Excellent!

IT'S not too late to enter this game and to win one of the 334 cash prizes. You can begin direct from this page. Everything you will require in order to start is right before you. First of all, read the rules carefully so that you will understand the conditions. Then work out the three portraits contained in this week's composites. Identify them and set down the reason for fame in each case. Then put them in a convenient place pending completion of your set of thirty. Now, in order to bring your entry even with the field, you will need to solve the first four sets. If you have not saved the four preceding issues of Liberty send for free reprints of the contest material. A note to the contest address in Rule 5 will bring you the sets you request. Solve them and your entry will be brought up to date.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

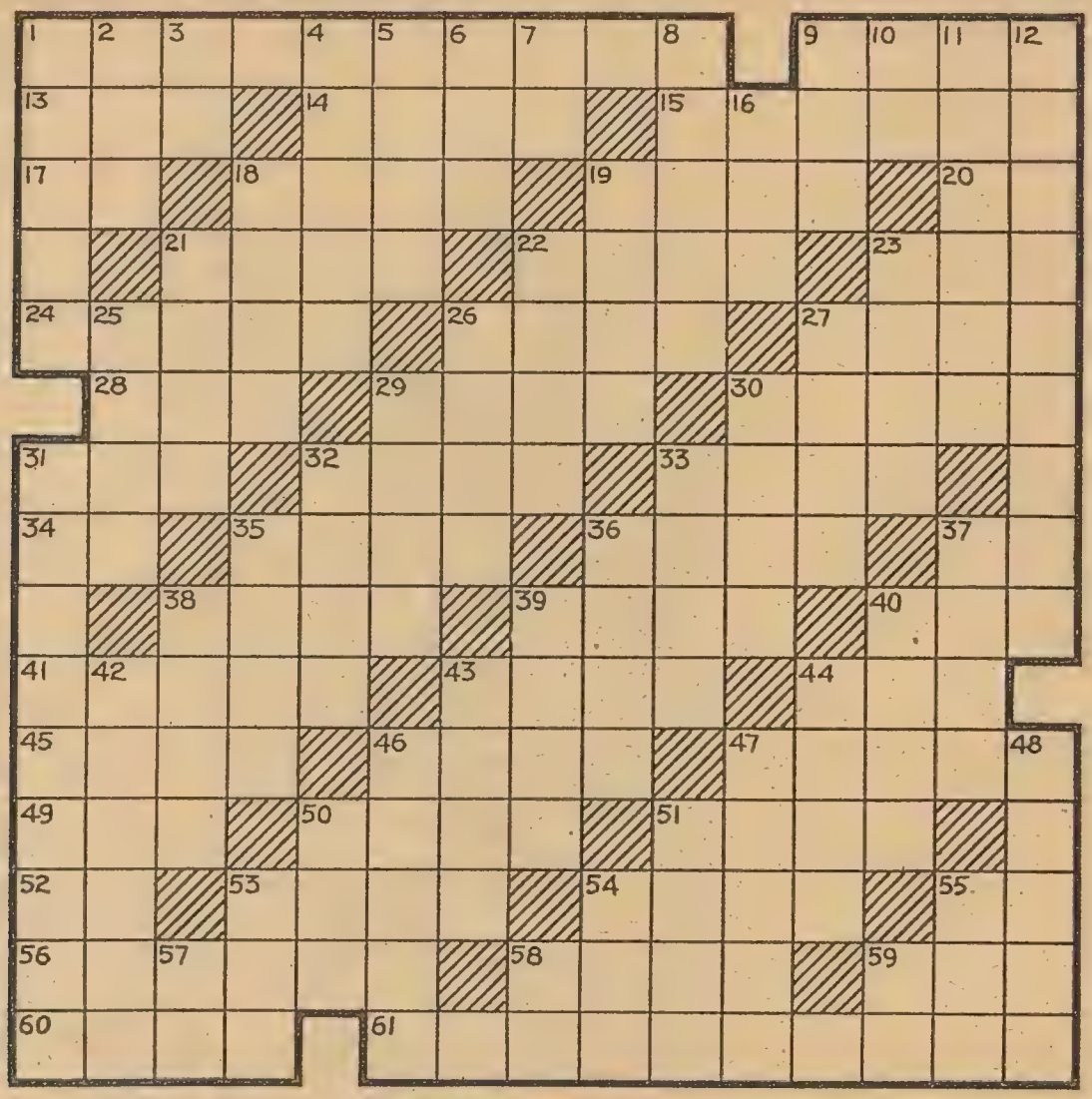
THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.
2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.
3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.
4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.
5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ANOTHER SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 These have red heads; their motto used to be: "1,000 Revolutions a minute!"
9 Letters that relieve everybody—the unemployed of their worries, the taxpayers of their money
13 General Lew Wallace's big Ben
14 Small game for head-hunters
15 He can give you tit for tat and show a profit
17 That certain something
18 Would you call a doctor a Prince of this?
19 Cheap utterance from a young cluck
20 The Broadway Baby's bedtime
21 A flute with elephantiasis
22 The kind of book the censors enjoy censoring
23 Well-known lady from Decatur
24 He'd walk a Miles for his Standish
26 Horse rudders
27 The Main thing for Winchell
28 Queer, as in McIntyre
29 His motto: "Dictated but not red!"
30 Something a farmer does before and after work
31 Keep this up for a spell and you'd get insulting
32 Once called the First National Bank—probably because of the runs
33 A round thing that gave great grammaw plenty of knee action
34 In two letters—Terrible!
35 Mansions song writers sing the praises of, but obviously have never lived in
36 Toothless old rake
37 A beast of a hangover
38 Suckers for the flower business
39 The world's dampest bed
40 They bury their mistakes (abbr.)
41 The boys' Lawrence
43 Gravy catchers
44 What ghost writers really have to say

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Answer to last week's puzzle

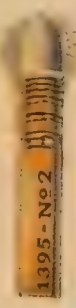
45 This has a distant sound
46 Chicken feed
47 When sat on these caused a sudden uprising on the farm
49 You'll never do it if you don't ——
50 The Fat Sultan of Boston
51 This party has been spreading the news over the country for years
52 Two black eyes
53 Dam this
54 What old plugs come wrapped in
55 Ancient low in Greek stock
56 Quints and treys; crews
58 This is governed by game laws
59 This was a big flop in the war
60 Spike this and it gets smelly
61 The home of the star hams (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Jlapanese plicnic glounds
2 Not safe!
3 Her bitter half
4 The kind of suits General Grant wore
5 The Old Green River
6 It exists
7 Glorified raft (abbr.)
8 Souse parties
9 A man with a knob where his head ought to be
10 In his destitute old age he sells blue pencils (abbr.)
11 McGuffey's First
12 They're going to reduce these if it takes every navy in the world to do so
16 The color of the depression
18 Where Mae West does her best writing ('sfact!)
19 Most things are done for the love of him
21 Bodkins
22 Nits to you
23 Perched on
25 The only kind of division allowed in Louisiana
26 Smack the puss
27 This always keeps a foot from the ground
29 That is, according to Jack Pearl
30 The stroke that felled the French president
31 Unless this is controlled Jack gets all swelled up and practically worthless
32 These are apt to come up suddenly if left lying around the garden
35 A Cherman chent
36 Have you heard any Smooty stories about him?
37 This broke down and caused a strike among the diamond workers
38 To croon asininely
39 What gals do to cut down expanses
40 A certain amount in the bottle
42 Where they play golf without clubs or balls
43 Eyewash
44 Something nudists do
46 Sound of flying fairies
47 What Caesar left behind him
48 Murphies & O'Briens, Inc.
50 An impermanent wave
51 Proper description of telegraph messengers
53 Marched in the wedding ring
54 Big bluff of Old England
55 While maneuvering schooners over the bar this gets in your eye
57 Our most toothsome president (abbr.)
58 Just ask this and you'll have something on the hip
59 What singers often begin without but always end with

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Your hand is "married" to your Ticonderoga when you begin to write – it "loves" your lightest pressure, "honors" your swiftest motions, "obeys" your thoughts with tireless ease.



Ticonderoga pays dividends. Speeds work, saves valuable time for clerk and executive, every worker in office or home. Retails at 5¢ each, but get quantity quotations from your dealer. Ticonderoga comes also with new Knifedge eraser tip, preferred by typists.

There's greater ease in writing with

TICONDEROGA

America's Favorite Pencil 5¢ each

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IRENE

THE STUBBORN GIRL

by Eric Hatch

FASTER AND MORE FURIOUS GROWS THE FUN AS THIS RAPID-FIRE NOVEL OF LOVE AND LAUGHS REACHES A NEW PEAK OF HILARITY

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

DOWN in the tramps' jungle city in New York, Irene Bullock finds a "forgotten man" named Godfrey whom she persuades to be her "item" in the high-society scavenger hunt going on. Following that feat, crazily enough, the picked-up Godfrey becomes the Bullocks' butler.

But that's in line with the erratic family. Irene makes up to bewildered Godfrey; her sister Cornelia is pursued by Faithful George, a rich man's idling son; and their mother, Angelica Bullock, is playing around with a foreign gigolo, Carlo. To cap it all, papa Bullock is threatened by disaster at his bank.

Upsettingly, a priceless pearl necklace vanishes. Of course the butler is accused, and admits to a prison record. But he corners Mr. Bullock and pins the blame on him! The banker, it appears, took this course to raise needed cash. Godfrey suggests a grandstand play as a way out: Bullock is to offer a reward of $10,000, which public fact will steady his credit. He, Godfrey, is to "find" the pearls and get the big check, which will be returned privately to his employer.

All goes according to plan, except that Godfrey doesn't give back the $10,000 check. Instead, he asks for time off! Irene, still mad about him, offers to go along with him if he intends to bolt. But Godfrey sidetracks her and goes downtown on a mysterious errand—really to invest his money.

Before long the Bullock bank closes and the family is ruined. Bullock himself faces arrest and imprisonment. But

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

Godfrey helps him escape from the country successfully. Indeed, the butler takes the whole family in hand—provides a new home for them, and finds himself and them jobs in a fashionable restaurant, the Chez Mariette. Then a beautiful customer one April afternoon appears in Chez Mariette, and Godfrey is horrified to recognize his former wife.

Irene was on the curbstone in front of the hotel and a policeman was trying to persuade her not to sit there.

PART FIVE—"YEAH, GODFREY!"

ONE would think that any man, Godfrey included, on seeing for the first time in years the woman who was once his wife, would be overwhelmed with a rush of tender memories. One would be wrong. Godfrey was overwhelmed with a desire to bolt. Obviously he couldn't; so instead he just stared wide-eyed and went a little pale. Viola Barton-Parke-Bogert was something to stare at. Dressed to the eyebrows, and with the best complexion money could buy, a walk like a lynx, and an air of stepping on the world's neck, her entrance cre-

ated a minor sensation.

Irene Bullock, who chanced to be lunching alone, stared at her nearly as hard as Godfrey, because she had seen Godfrey staring, and had sensed, with all her jealous female instincts roused, that this was the competition.

Carlo, who had had almost as much "foon" being a captain as Godfrey had being a headwaiter, pranced up to her. Already he had planned to tell this languorous lady, if he could get her into conversation, that he was an illegitimate nephew of the King of Spain. That had worked nicely before.

But Carlo was fated for disappointment. For Viola Bogert swept him aside with a wave of her jet fingernails and advanced on Godfrey. Irene, watching his face, guessed now who she was. All the blandness had left it; his eyes had turned hard. When the lady reached him, he bowed.

"How many, Mrs. Bogert?"

The jet fingernails rested lightly on his arm for a second and she smiled up at him.

"I came to see you, Godfrey." Even Carlo, who was flapping his ears right behind her in an effort to hear, didn't catch it, her tone was so low.

Godfrey's first thought was that she had the hell of a nerve pulling one like that after what she'd done to him. His second was that it would be a good idea to push her face in. But he tried to look as though she had asked him about something special to be cooked for a dinner party that night, and said, "Get out!"

Viola simply smiled up at him.

"I'm lunching here," she said. "Alone. It would be fun to let you order lunch for me."

She laughed. Viola Barton-Parke-Bogert had a queer laugh.

Godfrey, perfect again in his demeanor now that he'd had a few seconds to compose himself, said, "Carlo will show you a table at once, madam." Then he made that curious loud sucking noise with his lips that headwaiters make. It had been hard learning it, but he could do it swell now. Carlo instantly popped from behind Viola's left shoulder.

"Show Mrs. Bogert to a table. I will order for her."

Carlo, brightened again by the realization that once more the business of being an illegitimate nephew of the King of Spain was on the books, so to speak, very nearly took her arm as he led Viola across the restaurant to an alcove where he felt conversation would be more in order than at one of the more centrally located ones. Godfrey, like a fox run to earth, bolted for the kitchen.

GODFREY probably wouldn't have bolted if he'd known that Irene—who really was something of a human leopardess—had in her observation of his interview put entirely the wrong conception on it. She had seen Godfrey looking like a stiff as the woman approached him. She hadn't heard any of the conversation except the final "Show Mrs. Bogert to a table." But, as he got himself under control, she had seen the intimate blandness which had come to be his best stock in trade arrive again in his face. She had naturally put the wrong conception on it.

A few moments later, as she swallowed the last leaf of lettuce in her salad, she said aloud, "I'll put the kwyeetus on *this* in short order!" She slammed her napkin down. Irene was all set to be dog in the manger. If she couldn't have Godfrey, at least nobody else was going to have him, by gad! She strolled, trying to appear nonchalant, sort of hippety-hop across the restaurant.

Irene had worked out a plan. Irene wasn't awfully good at working out plans, but she was doing her best.

As she arrived at Viola's table, Carlo, with a sigh of disappointment because he was not to have this lady alone for conversation, pulled back a chair for her. Irene, following out her plan, sank into it.

"Well!" she said. "Fancy meeting you here!"

Viola Bogert hadn't expected this. It showed in her face that she hadn't expected it. In fact, her face, in complete disloyalty to the beautician who had only an hour or so ago fixed it for her, went a funny sort of white.

"Just who are you?"

Irene, who hadn't expected to see the competition go white in the face, had an inspiration.

"Ask Godfrey," she said.

Viola called out the reserves.

"How can we?" she said. "He's not here."

SHE studied Irene Bullock for a second and, like Irene, she immediately put the wrong interpretation on this and that. Then, with another flick of the jet fingernails, she said, "I get it; you must be his mistress." She grew confidential in tone, in that nasty way women have. "It must be quite something to be the mistress of the headwaiter at Chez Mariette."

Here Irene floored her.

"It *is!*" she said. This was in loyal defense of Godfrey as a person and not snobbish recognition of his position.

Viola, who had an ax to grind and had that day brought it all the way down from Boston on an early train for the purpose of grinding it, arched split-pencil eyebrows. She thought this little chat had gone far enough. She said, "Of course I don't quite see where you get the crust to park yourself here. I don't think we could have met before, could we?"

Viola Bogert didn't understand about Irene. Her way had always been around corners. Irene's was direct; she had never been one to pander to conventions.

"Not if I could have helped it we couldn't," she said.

A waiter came with a Martini. Viola sipped it. Then she sighed.

"Well," she said, "I never thought he'd sink *this* low."

She meant, in a purely feminine way, that she had never thought he'd sink so low as to involve himself with a person as revolting as Irene. Irene didn't get this. She thought Viola was making cracks about his being a headwaiter. She rallied to his standard.

"Low!" she said, outraged. And then she made a bleeding error. "Why, Godfrey's got darn near half a million tucked in his sock that he made himself."

Viola's eyebrows lifted. The eyes beneath them glinted almost with golden light in spite of their blackness. Behind the glint was thoughtfulness. Viola was putting two and two together and wondering how much she could make out of it. She smiled.

"How?" she said.

"In the stock market," said Irene proudly.

Viola nodded and said, "I get it now. Thank you very, very much."

"And for what?"

"You may possibly find out some day," said Viola.

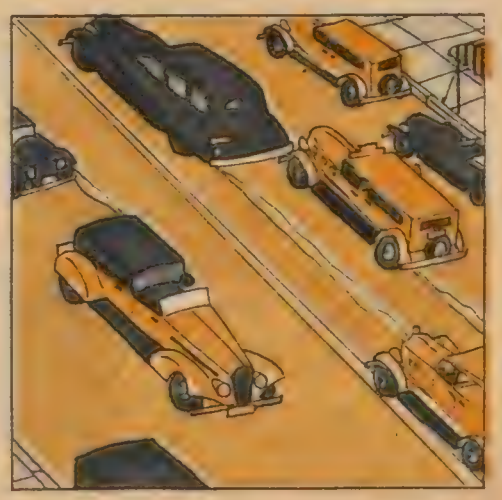
Irene was just getting started trying to figure this out when Godfrey came back from the kitchen. He took one look at these two handsome ladies and promptly went back to the kitchen. Then he sent for Carlo. He hadn't been able to tell from his quick glance at Viola and Irene that they were close on to the hair-pulling stage, but he was sufficient man of the world to realize at once that no good would come to him of their being together, friends or foes. A moment later Carlo skipped in to him.

"Carlo, get Irene the hell out of here until that lady goes; see?"

"But how?"

"With dynamite if you have to. Tell her her mother called up and wants her home—tell her anything!"

"I fly," said Carlo, and flew.



A few moments later Godfrey saw that Irene had gone. He went back to his duties, keeping his eyes from that part of the room that Viola seemed to fill. He hoped he could contrive to be in the kitchen when she got up to go; but he wasn't able to. She nailed him near the door and once again gave him that warm smile of greeting. Then she looked quickly about and, seeing no one near except a little red-headed checkroom girl, said, "I need your help, Godfrey. I'm at the Pierre. Will you come and see me there after dinner tonight?"

Godfrey looked right through her. There wasn't anything the least bit bland about him as he said, "I wouldn't help you if you were dying."

"But you'd hate the grand jury to indict you along with Alexander Bullock, wouldn't you?"

Godfrey's eyes widened. It seemed hard to him, even now, to believe that there were actually women like this in the world. He didn't answer.

"You see, Godfrey my sweet, I happen to know how you made your money; and though of course I don't doubt you're perfectly innocent of conspiracy to defraud and things like that, the district attorney and people like that mightn't think so—if they found out." Still smiling, she added: "Don't forget, now—at the Pierre, any time after ten."

She let Molly help her into her coat, waved, and went out. For a long time Godfrey stood staring at the door that had closed on her.

PRESENTLY Molly came over and tucked her arm through his. "More trouble, eh, pop?" She had called him pop, to his great annoyance, ever since he'd taken over the management of the Bullocks.

Godfrey nodded.

"That one's the bad news, if you ask me. I don't go for black fingernails—except in mechanics, of course. Can I do anything?"

He shook his head and thanked her. Then he slowly turned and went back to his post in the entryway of the restaurant. . . .

Godfrey stepped out of his taxi in front of the Hotel Pierre and paid the chauffeur. With a feeling of mingled relief and fright he went into the hotel.

His fright was the natural fright of a man who feels he is going to be touched, and probably touched hard. His relief was due to having eluded Irene. During the dinner hour Irene had, in the vernacular, begun "trying one on." That is, she had reached her limit of twenty cocktails and her eyes had gone glassy with the peculiar glassiness cocktails brought to them. In other words, there were, under the glaze, signs of life and shrewd thought. She had heard about Godfrey's date from Molly, and had followed him like a hound at heel every step he took. He didn't know it, but she had planned, if he went, to go with him.

At nine thirty he took drastic measures. He disappeared into the men's

"That Blow-out Nearly Ended My Golfing Days"

says **KY LAFFOON**

Sensational Tournament Champion

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"ONE of the blow-outs I had came near finishing my golfing days for good," says KY LAFFOON. "I was driving along about 45 or 50 when suddenly I heard a loud crack, like a backfire. I tried to steer, but I don't believe ten men could have held that car on the road. The car headed for the ditch. I heard a crash—and that's all I remember. Believe me, I'm lucky to be able to swing a golf club after that blow-out. So I'm not taking chances on tires these days. My car is equipped with Goodrich Silvertowns."

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Put GOODRICH Safety Silvertowns between your car and the road. They're the *only* tires with the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the GOODRICH invention that resists this internal heat and keeps blisters from forming. That's why Silvertowns give you *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs. And, what's more, the big, husky-cleated Silvertown treads give you added protection against dangerous "tail-spin" skids.

Make every drive you take this summer a *real* pleasure trip . . . free from tire worries. Put a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns on your car. Remember, they cost no more than other standard tires and give *months* of extra mileage.

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The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

room and popped out the window. When he didn't reappear after some twenty minutes, Irene characteristically popped in after him, to the complete chagrin of several gentlemen there. Their chagrin bothered her not at all. She simply said, "Dammit, he's gone!" Then she went out and had the twenty-first cocktail.

Since he was so sure he was going to be touched, Godfrey, riding up in the elevator, wondered if Viola'd have on a black lace negligee. She being the sort of woman she was, he thought it likely. So he was a little surprised, when the door opened, to find her in a thoroughly simple and highly modest dinner dress. She looked smart in it. He nodded coldly to her and said, "Well, here I am."

She led the way to a sofa and, looking away, said, "It seemed so funny opening the door for you—again. It's like your coming home, just the way you used to."

It was not at all like his coming home just the way he used to. Most of the time, when he used to come home, she would either be out or he'd find all manner of odd men about the house. And then there was the time he'd found John Bogert. The absurdness and sentimentality of this statement saved him. It was so absurd that it gave his sense of humor a chance to reorganize. Men who have been through what Godfrey had, change. They grow kinder in many ways, but sentimentality ceases to be a part of them. He smiled.

"You know," he said, "I don't think you mean that, Viola."

"You know me better than to say that."

"I know you better than to believe you, Viola."

By the simple expedient of shutting her lips so tightly that words could not pass between them, she kept from saying what she thought of this. Viola angered quickly and her anger was a cold cruel thing, like moonlight on a winter's night. Godfrey went on: "You couldn't know what stepping through that door did to me. You couldn't know, because you never had your heart broken. I doubt, really, if you ever had a heart at all. Maybe you have now."

VIOLA was amazed at the way he spoke, because, although the things he was saying were bitter hard things, there wasn't even a shade of anger in his voice.

"Godfrey—I know I did a terrible thing to you. I made a terrible mistake, that was all. Just one mistake isn't so bad. You make mistakes yourself." She laughed. "For instance, you made the mistake of marrying me!"

This made it Godfrey's turn to be gallant and say, "It wasn't a mistake." He said, "I made the hell of a mistake."

Viola had to bite her closed lips this time to keep back the naughty words. She was a strong woman; she managed it.

"Can't you even be sorry for me?"

Godfrey got up and strolled about the room.

"You haven't told me yet why I should be," he said. "You've been too busy trying to get me into the right mood to listen to it."

Viola became herself. She looked at him keenly.

"If you'd been that smart when you were married, you wouldn't have got it in the neck the way you did."

He turned to her in surprise. She said, "Let's call off the armed forces for a few minutes and have a drink."

He brightened perceptibly at this.

"I like you better now," he said. "I'll fix them for you."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes." He bowed. "When I was in service with Mr. Bullock as butler, I made excellent drinks."

He bowed again, took two steps backward, turned, and headed for the tiny serving pantry.

Viola watched him, with that puzzled expression still in her eyes, as he did deft things with ice cubes and glasses. Viola was always a little excited by contact with attractive strange men, and she was beginning to realize that Godfrey was a complete stranger to her. She didn't feel that she had ever known this man, let alone that she had been married to him. Definitely, she found him exciting. It disturbed her a little. When he came back with the drinks, he served them butler fashion.

SHE smiled in tolerant amusement. "You're very good at it; but of course you weren't really their butler, were you?"

Godfrey took a pull at his glass. It was a stiff drink he'd poured, and that first swallow acted the way doctors always expect a tonic is going to act and doesn't.

"Betcherlife I was their butler."

"But why?"

"Because I was starving." *He* laughed now. "When I got the job, I was living in a packing-box house in a jungle village by the East River. I always liked that particular box. It was the best there. It had had a Rolls-Royce in it once."

This short saga actually shocked her—possibly because it meant she had once been married to a butler. She registered surprise and sympathy both verbally and by laying a hand over his for an instant. Then she said, "And the big turkey I met at lunch today is one of the Bullocks. I get it now."

"This is damn good whisky," said Godfrey. "I care for it."

They sipped, Viola taking the hint that the subject of Irene Bullock was out. Presently Godfrey said, "You said you wanted help."

Viola contrived to look prettily pathetic.

"John and I have busted up. I'm broke and I'm in debt." She lowered her eyes. "After all, I have sort of a claim on you."

"No," said Godfrey, "you haven't any claim on me. What happened about Bogert?"

The lashes lowered further.

"He beat me."

Godfrey brightened. "Hard?" he said. She nodded. His first instinct was to say, "Swell!" but he curbed it and instead said, "Why?"

And then she floored him:

"Because I told him I still loved you and was a fool to have left you."

This had the ring of truth. As a matter of fact Viola

FASHION FLASHES from PARIS

Handbags have gone goofy in a big way. Women are putting their make-up and incidentals—not to mention their coin of the realm—in just about everything that does not look like a pocketbook. Two outstanding examples are the creations of "Madcap" Schiaparelli. One is a muff of calfskin—or a large-sized satin doughnut, if you prefer—with special zipper compartments for odds and ends like jewels, passports, and money. The other creation consists of a handkerchief-shaped piece of material matching the dress and tied up like a hobo's pack. Naturally this also has concealed fixings inside which make it practical. And the ladies have reason to carry 'em, for they're smart as paint.

DORAMILLER

had said this in one of those lively connubial moments when the first thing that pops into the head that will hurt is the thing to say. It gave Godfrey a most uncomfortable feeling—raised up the past again so poignantly.

"But you don't, do you?"

It was almost as though he'd said, "Please don't," for that was what was in his heart to say. She stayed silent for a long moment; then she looked up at him and gave the standard feminine reply:

"I—don't—honestly know." She hardened again. "But you're going to give me fifty thousand to start with, aren't you? You are, because otherwise I talk."

Before he could even start telling her what he thought of her, the telephone rang. Viola answered it. Without comment she handed it to Godfrey.

The manager of the hotel was on the other end of the line. He was a most courteous and discreet manager. He said, "I'm most sorry to trouble you, Mr. Parke, but there's a lady making a disturbance in front of the hotel, and as she claims to be your"—he bridled fiercely at the next word—"mistress, I thought you'd better come down, sir."

Godfrey instantly forgot all about Bogerts and past lives and things like that. He knew from experience that when she got going Irene Bullock could put on a pretty nifty disturbance. Shouting, "I'll phone tomorrow," he grabbed his hat and started for the street.

WHEN Godfrey reached the lobby he could see through the swinging doors the usual crowd that surrounded one of Irene's disturbances; only this time it seemed larger than usual—which was natural, because Irene's motives for creating this disturbance were stronger than they had ever been before. Irene was stirred to her depths, and she was pretty deep.

Godfrey shouldered his way through the crowd. As he reached the edge of it he saw that Irene was sitting on the curbstone directly in front of the hotel. He saw further that a policeman was trying his best to persuade her not to sit there. From here and there in the crowd—which had taken sides, the way crowds always do at any conflict between police and citizenry—there came to his ears bits of advice, some of it good, some of it bad: cries of "Offer her a drink," "You stay there if you want to, lady; you pay taxes for that bitta paving, see?" and many more.

Though the crowd didn't know it, the contest, like many other wrestling exhibitions, was fixed. The hotel manager had told the policeman who Irene was, and the policeman, having been tipped for many years by the idle rich, was class-conscious. Verbal, not physical, persuasion must win. The poor man didn't know that, with Irene, using verbal persuasion was like trying to stop a lynching with a popgun. As Godfrey arrived on the

Ask your wife if this isn't so . . .

A DRY SKIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE

NO MAN in his sane moments really wants to look older than his age. In this competitive world of ours youth gets the breaks. Old age is a handicap at every turn.

Women all know that a dry skin wrinkles easily—and that cold winds dry out the skin, leaving it chapped and brittle. So they protect the natural oils in their skin by using creams to keep complexions youthful.

Do not let shaving rob your skin of natural oils and invite old age to come right into the bathroom.

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Barbasol is a latherless cream that gives you the fastest, smoothest, cleanest shave you've ever had. It is so soothing and refreshing that many people use it for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

No more ingrown hairs. Barbasol holds the whisker steady to the razor, insuring a clean cut at the base.

And the natural oils in Barbasol keep your face looking young.

That's why Barbasol is America's most popular shaving cream.

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NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN

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actual scene of the combat, the policeman was just saying for the twentieth time, "But, miss, you're creating a disturbance!"

Irene, with her most glassy and fixed look of all, answered, "I'm not creating a disturbance at all. You're creating all the disturbance that's going on round here. Man, *I'm* just sitting here."

"I know, miss, but you mustn't sit there. It's dangerous. And it's against the law."

"Isn't," said Irene. "You just go and read the law. I'm sitting here waiting for Godfrey, and I'm going to go right on sitting here waiting for Godfrey until somebody goes and gets Godfrey out of that camel-faced louse's nest."

"Hooray!" said a man in the crowd. "*Yowzer*! That's tellin' 'em!" said another. "Hussy!" came from a female dressed in the mannish tweeds so dear to the heart of female communistic agitators. Her voice grew louder. "She's a capitalist! She thinks she owns New York. Who owns New York?" Her voice rose to a cry. "The *people!*"

Irene stood up. Her glassy stare found the orator. Before the woman had time even to whip a collapsible folding soapbox out of her pocket, Irene said, "Well, if we people own New York, *why* the hell can't I sit right here in peace?"

The woman who wanted to own New York, but hadn't got far with the idea, faded. The crowd cheered. Godfrey, now standing beside Irene, paused for a second before speaking to her or the policeman.

THERE was something that got him about the way she'd handled that. He knew enough about mobs in general to admire her whole-heartedly. He waited. Irene, calm as a police commissioner getting a ticket for speeding, turned her eyes here and there among the curious and delighted bystanders. Then she smiled at them—they felt she was smiling at them—and said, "After all, the woman's perfectly right. She said we owned this place. So it's absolutely all right for me to sit here. Don't you think so?"

Public opinion was now unanimous in her favor. It voiced its opinion so loudly that the policeman, who had been sorely tried, turned his attention to the crowd. Irene, amidst cheers, promptly sat down again on the curbstone, and Godfrey went to her. He hated to do it, because he had the New England gentleman's instincts about being the center of a scene; but he went. As soon as she saw him, Irene, amidst the tooting of taxi horns and the nicer objections of limousines who wanted to get to the Pierre, and the cries of the policeman and the cheers of the mob, shrieked, "Oh, *Godfrey!*"

Then she threw her arms around his neck and promptly passed out—that is, she passed out just a little, the way she had at ten eleven Fifth that time. In other words, she stopped worrying, and so completely relaxed. The bystanders, who were far too interested now for the copper to handle, crowded forward. All of them, thanks to Irene's protestations, knew Godfrey by name. To them he was in the same position as the hero in the olden melodramas who arrives just as the circular saw is about to remove some of the heroine's choicer glands. As one they cried, "*Yeah, Godfrey!*"

HE blushed crimson and, feeling like an utter ass, supported Irene with one arm and waved for a taxi with the other. Amidst further cheers Godfrey practically threw Irene into it.

"Forty-nine East Forty-nine," he said to the driver. "*Yeah, Godfrey!*"

The cheer came again, diminishing as the taxi started. Godfrey didn't think he'd forget it as long as he lived, it had embarrassed him so. He looked at Irene, who, like the man shot out of a cannon in the circus, had somehow sorted herself out and was sitting quite properly on the seat beside him.

"Godfrey—I hope you didn't mind too much, but I had to. They wouldn't let me up to the room or send word I was there. I couldn't let you stay there, so I decided I wouldn't. I was quite right, don't you think so?"

Godfrey looked at her and saw her as she had been a moment before—when the odds were really quite stiff against her—and he knew again that curious feeling of her doglike devotion that had got through to him before. Then he thought about the woman he had just left. For the first time, he put his arm around Irene voluntarily and drew her head toward him so that it rested on his shoulder.

"Yes, Irene. I think you were swell. By gad," he added, as though he'd just realized it, "I really do!"

The hotel manager didn't think so at all. But then, we're not concerned with him.

Though in her own most original way Irene has rescued Godfrey from the rapacious talons of his ex-wife Viola, what can she do to save him from being bled to death by blackmail? There's a battle of wits ahead—and a surprising conclusion—in the next issue of Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **NOW WE SET OUT** by Susan Ertz. D. Appleton-Century Company.
Poignant story, by the author of Madame Claire, of two very human young people enmeshed in today's problems of supporting relatives through the depression. Young people of today will appreciate the problems featured in this story.

★ ★ ★ **GRANDSONS** by Louis Adamic. Harper & Brothers.
The story of two brothers and their cousin, whose heritage is part Yankee, part Indian, and part Carniolan, but whose problems are representative of millions of young Americans today, regardless of racial heritage.

★ ★ ★ **DICKENS** by André Maurois. Harper & Brothers.
A brief yet comprehensive study of the life of Dickens; written by a Frenchman, a fair and unbiased perspective of the much-discussed writer. Informative, logical, delightfully interesting.

★ ★ ★ **A FEW FOOLISH ONES** by Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company.
Gus Bragdon and his Maine family dominate this story. He is a self-willed person whose wife Sarey and his children love and fear but manage to conquer him.

★ ★ **MY OLD WORLD** by Abbe Ernest Dimnet. Simon & Schuster.
The author of The Art of Thinking writes a personal book in the form of an autobiography in which the major adventures have been in the realm of the spirit and the intellect.

★ ★ **KANSAS PRAIRIES AND OTHER POEMS** by A. M. Kinney. Published by the author.
A homely collection of rhythmic verse straight from the soil. The weather, the crops, and just plain folks are discussed in musical rhythm.

★ ★ **SPENDERS ALL** by Ernest Greenwood. D. Appleton-Century Company.
A little lopsided but full of facts not to be put aside, even in Washington.

★ **NOTHING LIKE LEATHER** by V. S. Pritchett. The Macmillan Company.
A bitter yet passionless struggle between two characters against the background of an English tannery. Dull in spots, compelling in others.

WILL GERMANY and JAPAN TRY TO CRUSH RUSSIA?

A Startling Revelation of an Audacious Plan for an International Crusade Against Bolshevism

by MOHAMMED ESSAD-BEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The biographer of Stalin and Nicholas II, a Russian by birth, a Turanian by race, a Mohammedan by profession, Mohammed Essad-Bey (portrait at right) knows the diplomatic intrigues of the East as he does the affairs of Central Europe. This article is based on confidential information, and investigation has revealed that the plan he unfolds is not unknown to persons in the United States and is the nightmare of Moscow.

JAPAN'S militarists would welcome a conflict with the United States if they could count upon the support of Great Britain. But it is generally understood that neither Australia nor Canada would permit the British Empire to side with Japan against the United States. So the militarists turn their attention to a more vulnerable antagonist—Russia.

For such an attack Japan counts upon an alliance with Germany and Poland, and upon the tacit co-operation of England. Whether or not this plan will bear fruit depends upon the developments of the next few months. Meanwhile Hitler, Warsaw, and the Mikado continue with their preparations. Germany feels that England will be bound to return to her age-old policy of supporting the second strongest power in Europe against the strongest, and will eventually support Germany against France, provided she can do so without becoming involved in a new European war.

The London correspondent of an American newspaper service notes the suspiciously friendly relations existing between Poland and Japan. In Tokyo an Association of the Friends of Poland has been founded; in Warsaw, a group who call themselves "the friends of Japan." Hector Bywater states that in Japan a strong pro-German party is now in the saddle. Since the war relations have been exceedingly cordial. Hitler exempts the Japanese from his ban on non-Aryans. All these things are straws in the wind. Germany and Poland reject an Eastern Locarno and draw ever closer to Japan.

The German-Polish-Japanese plan, as it was revealed to me, contemplates a simultaneous attack on Soviet Russia from the East and from the West. Germany and Poland are to strike at the Ukraine as Japan invades Siberia. England, according to my informants, will keep Italy and France in check. There is some reason for believing that Italy and France will welcome such a crusade against Bolshevism, provided Hitler renounces his ambition to rectify Germany's "bleeding frontiers" in the West.

The plan envisages the division of the Ukraine between Germany and Poland and the restoration of the Polish Corridor, Danzig and Memel to Germany, and absorption of Lithuania by Poland. Estonia and Latvia, with Riga, would join the Third Reich. The Ukraine would be dominated jointly by Germany and Poland. Moreover, both nations are lured by glimpses of the Caucasus—by the oil wells of Baku. Germany has already chosen Hetman Skoropadsky as her henchman in the Ukraine.

Just as Japan has selected the last legitimate emperor of China to be her puppet ruler in Manchukuo, she would choose a Romanoff to rule a puppet empire in Siberia. At this moment Cyril, pretender to the Russian throne, maintains a representative at the Mikado's court and another in the capital of Manchukuo. Also, Manchuria harbors 70,000 White Russians, armed and equipped.

Cyril may designate one of the Grand Dukes to rule as a vice-regent in Siberia until he himself, aided by the Germans and Japanese, supplants the Red flag now waving over the Kremlin with the Imperial Eagle.

Such is the plan. If it succeeds, the capitalistic world will be freed of Communism. If it is attempted and fails, Soviet Russia's borders will extend to the Rhine. Bolshevism will submerge Europe and Asia.

Russia realizes her danger. She is making extraordinary concessions to Japan—and even to her own kulaks, upon whose good humor her fate would depend. Mikhail Toukachevsky, the Assistant Commissar of Defense, has warned Russia that Germany is completing preparations to march eastward with one million men in 1936. Other leaders point to the danger in East and West. Feverish military preparations are being made.

If the twofold invasion is tried and succeeds, it is quite possible that Russia will disintegrate. But I do not believe Russia will lose the war on both fronts. Germany will not repeat Napoleon's mistake. She will make no attempt to take Moscow. No one can conquer vast Russia. But it is possible to detach the Ukraine.

Russia will still be Russia, however, if she can maintain herself against Japan in the East.

In spite of her intensive military activities, Soviet Russia is no match for the German General Staff. It is not likely that Communist propaganda would substantially weaken Hitler's legions. But the torch of Communism might set all Asia aflame. Red propaganda undermines even the throne of the Mikado. In any conflict with Japan it will be Russia's most powerful ally.

The conditions of 1904-05 will be reversed. This time it will be Japan that must guard long and inadequate lines of communication and fight in enemy territory. Should the Mikado's army waver, Korea, Manchukuo, China might rebel against their Japanese overlords.

Japan is handicapped also by her lack of oil. Russia controls enough oil to float all the world's air fleets.

Altogether, Japan's gamble for Siberia will imperil not only her conquests but her existence. The German-Polish combination, on the other hand, is almost certain to win unless France, Italy, and England intervene in behalf of Red Russia. They are not likely to do so unless Hitler asks too much. If he is willing to make great sacrifices, there is no reason why his dreams of Germany's eastern expansion should not come true. No matter what hocus-pocus may be issued from Stresa or Geneva or Moscow, the road to Russia will lie open.

The dice of fate are in Hitler's hands. Nineteen thirty-six is Europe's hour of destiny.

THE END

Vox Pop

BURRO EATS LIBERTY

CAMP BONITA, GLENDORA, CALIF.—Some time back we had the misfortune to get in the way of a rock slide. In consequence I was laid up for a few weeks.

Time passed pretty slow and we passed the word for something to read —anything. We got it—128 copies of Liberty, some of them quite ancient.

Some ten feet away was my old burro, Nellie, standing on three legs with not

enough life in her even to switch her tail at the flies.

I'm pretty much interested in one copy when I smell my beans a-burning. Laying my Liberty on the bench, I hobbles into the cabin and don't get back for ten minutes or so. When I do, that d—er—nice little Nellie burro is calmly and contentedly chewing on that Liberty.

Gee! Suddenly she was doing a cakewalk, hula-hula, and black bottom all in one, with her head and tail up like a young colt.

Now I know what it is that makes all these goofs so crazy about Liberty. It's dopey, that's all—inside and out. Even the paper it's printed on. I'll say that anything that can put life into a thirty-year-old burro mule—even for a few minutes—like it did to that Nellie of mine is worth the money.

I've been feeding her two or three every day now and have only about a dozen left.—*R. Lee Forrest Nichols.*

GIRLS . . . WITHOUT INTRODUCTION

CALGARY, ALTA.—I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed reading that story by Kathleen Norris, Grand Central Pick-Up, in April 13 Liberty. It had real human interest and I am pleased to know some respectable girl had the nerve to speak to the man who took her fancy—even though she was just a fictitious character.

I wish it was as easily done in real life, without the man in question thinking us "fast." It would lend such a laugh to this humdrum conventional world if girls could pick their own men friends without an introduction. I know I have seen a few I would like to speak to but feared the consequences, as one only meets men like John in a storybook. A good home and a job cannot always compensate us, as Mrs. Norris showed in her story, and I wish to thank her for her sympathy for another—*Lonely Mary.*

GIVE THE KIDS A CHANCE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will Liberty share in arousing public concern over the present situation of public and private camps for children in crowded cities?

More camps, more money to extend their manifold activities, and more and better camp equipment are needed, and the responsibility must be shouldered by organizations within the communities which now lack proper accommodations for their youngsters.—*Mary Arnold, Executive Secretary, Children's Welfare Federation of New York City, Inc.*

"WE . . . THE DEPRESSION CROP"

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Many contributors may send in their theories about what is wrong with our educational system. I represent a group that is seldom heard from—the students.

I am eighteen years old—a high-school senior. In a few short weeks I graduate.

Realizing that I will be dumped on the business world *en masse* with some hundreds of other sheep, I went out today to see about a job early. I visited several business houses.

And I learned things. What few jobs there are are besieged by hungry adults. There is no room for high-school graduates. You don't go out and apply for a job. You snare it from the inside through "pull."

But the most discomfiting fact was my inexperience. I found myself as ill equipped to cope with the outside struggle as a newborn babe. Your laboriously acquired algebra and Latin and geometry don't help you pull down a job. Instead they asked me about typing and shorthand and bookkeeping.

I discovered that since the age of five I had been absorbing mostly useless facts. Why had I not been taught to typewrite as well as to write? It is just as essential. And a pleasing personality and the ability to "mix" seem far more important than a high scholastic record.

I find myself facing the same problems that thousands of high-school graduates all over this country are facing. What to do? Turned loose on an overcrowded industrial world, handicapped by pitifully inadequate training, it is far too easy for us to get into wrong attitudes and trouble at this crucial moment in our lives. We are the depression crop.—*Robert J. Dryden.*

MEN SHOULD BE MADE TO PAY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Laws passed recently in several states and under consideration in others will make it illegal to bring suit for alienation of affections, seduction or heart balm, or for breach of promise.

Not only is this type of vicious measure class legislation, but it is a flagrant violation of the few rights left to women. We should organize to resist such legislation before the craze spreads to every state in the Union.

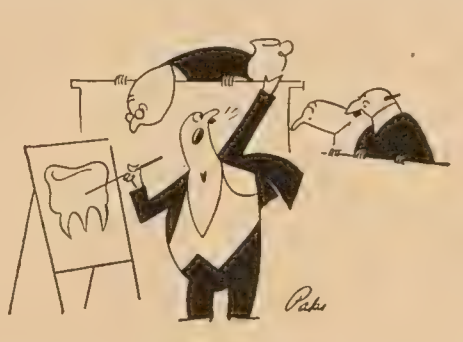
Women are supposed to have been granted equality in political and economic life; and now, because the vote has provided us with a few privileges, men would deprive us of others.

A woman is entitled to everything she can get from a man. Men should be made to pay at every turn. We may have been "granted" equality, but in fact that equality has not actually been given us. Men still claim to be the superior sex. As long as they continue to claim superiority they should be made to pay. Then perhaps after a couple of hundred years they will have been cured of their egotism—but I doubt it.

This is supposed to be a land of equal opportunity for both sexes; but it appears that men are still trying to limit a girl's opportunities. And to think it was a woman who gave them this latest idea!—*Disgusted.*

EXTRA! DENTIST HAS A PAIN

DUBUQUE, IA.—Tell Walton Green, the next time he writes a story such as The Trial of Dr. Beamish (April 13



Liberty), if he has an occasion to use a dental term, to consult one of his dental friends and not make the mistake of calling any kind of dental restoration a crown inlay. There ain't no such animule. A crown and an inlay are as different as a wing collar and a pair of kid gloves.—*20 Miles D.D.S.*

HAMBURGER FOR GRAND CANYON

WEST CHICAGO, ILL.—J. W. H. in April 13 Vox Pop sure hit the nail on the head when he proposed "hen relief."

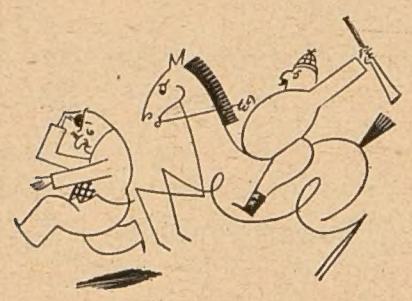
Here are my two pet ideas: First,

Congress should appropriate $10,000,000,000 to drain the Great Lakes and make sunken gardens and golf grounds of the land.

Second, the Grand Canyon should be filled with hamburger to create a demand for beef.—*L. R. S.*

SINCE GASOLINE AND WHISKY

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—I agree with Rupert Hughes, in April 20 Liberty, that we should have game laws for criminals; *but* instead of closed seasons we should have open seasons.



Then with the zest of a fox hunter we could prepare for the first week of May when the season opened on crooked politicians. What hunting and what an improvement in politics!

During the last fifteen days of August road hogs would be at the mercy of the public, long suffering since gasoline and whisky were first mixed to make "death-dealing cocktails."

How carefully I would clean my old trusty squirrel rifle, polish its sights, and feel the trigger squeeze in anticipation.

Let's give this a thought.—*C. W. Jackson.*

HAIR TONIC FOR WHISKERS?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Why do the barbers put hair tonic on the face of a man after they shave him?

May I have an answer from the barbers?—*Joe Stifneck.*

HOUSEHOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY

PORT ARTHUR, ONT.—It is my feeling that there is one simple easy plan that, if followed, would surely get the now disarranged world back on its feet and keep it from further tottering and discouragement.

The first step would be to lift the ban now placed upon people of one country which forbids them marrying people of another country while they are already married in their own respective lands.

The next step would be to encourage every person of wealth to set up a household in every country he possibly could afford, and exchange the goods he produces, or rather his families do, with the members of his families in other countries. Thus would be established an international system of trade and barter which would go a long way toward solving the problem of general trading between those countries now barred from trading because of international embroilments and misunderstandings and monetary exchange and other difficulties too numerous to mention here.

There are many men and women in the world who, I feel, would at once embrace this plan for the benefits to be derived personally and nationally.—*Clarence F. Allen.*

GODSEND

FLORENCE, S. C.—Here's to the Macfadden Legion Youth Movement! May it spread and spread and spread until it reaches even my children.

This movement offers an organized supervised wholesome fellowship and play—free. What a godsend!—*E. C. H.*

"LABOR'S BEST FRIEND"

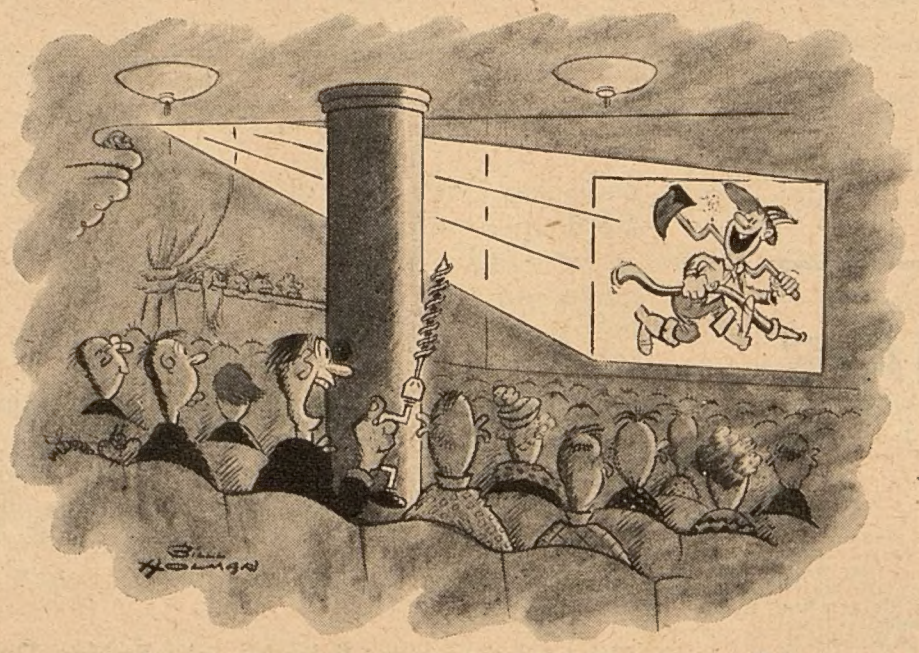
SALINA, KAN.—The editorial by Mr. Macfadden in Liberty of April 27, Why We Are Labor's Best Friend, appeals to me as one of the finest and most sensible articles on advice given to labor that I have seen. I think Liberty has been eminently fair to organized labor and I agree that your policy has been helpful if properly considered.—*J. W. Densford.*

ROSEVILLE, CALIF.—What a lot of baloney Mr. Macfadden hands out in his editorial in April 27 Liberty.

Better to have said nothing.—*Guy Clark.*

ROANOKE, ALA.—I have read your editorial in April 27 Liberty, Labor's Best Friend. This article reveals a well trained, fair, and straight thinking mind, backed by character and manhood, that feels an interest in all the people. As well as being a publisher, please allow me to say that you possess the elements of a real statesman.

In this day and generation we read of more wild and unsound thinking than in any period of the world's history.—*J. W. Radney.*



"I'll teach 'em to seat me behind a post!"

"IF I HAD ONE NICKEL LEFT"

LANSING, MICH.—After years and years of trying each new contest Liberty offers I have at last discovered why they are operated.

Paper pulp is becoming exceedingly scarce and more costly each year, so Liberty devised a scheme to get paper for nothing.

Simply run contests and use the millions of replies to make more pulp and make more Libertys to run more contests to make more people send in more answers and make more pulp to make more Libertys to—aw, you finish it! I'm sick.

If I had one nickel left in the world and nothing to eat, I'd buy my weekly issue of Liberty just the same.—*Mrs. F. L. Du Vall.*

YOUSE GUYS LAY OFF

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Nearly every time I pick up a magazine, I find where somebody is making slurring remarks about the Southern expression of "you-all." I'd like to know what's wrong with this expression.

Grammatically speaking, it is absolutely correct; and as far as euphony is concerned, I don't know of a more euphonious expression in our language.

While traveling through the Middle West and East, I have heard any number of people say "youse" when speaking to a crowd. I wish some of these smart Yankees would explain what is so correct and impeccable about that! If they can show me the word "yous" or "youse" in the dictionary, I'll eat it.

And from now on I want "youse guys" to lay off us Southerners and our "youall."—*A Longhorn Texas Steer.*

BRANDYWINE RAVINGS

MARION, IND.—Fellow readers, are we to continue listening to the delirious ravings of Senator Brandywine? He is endeavoring to prove (March 16 Vox Pop) that Lincoln was wrong on slavery.

Just who is this senator? Is he a Southern "gentleman" who mixes his drink (brandy wine) to get the desired effect of haziness, or can it be that he is trying to ape another "gentleman" senator of the South?—*Franklin Wayne.*

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★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

Beginning—The Case of the Caretaker's Cat by Erle Stanley Gardner—A new brain-teasing mystery novel, in which the popular lawyer-sleuth, Perry Mason, finds himself caught in the tangled net of a pampered Persian cat, a disinherited beauty, and a missing million in cash.

Is It Safe to Have a Baby? by Faith Baldwin—Years ago, to become a mother was to run a fearful risk. The modern woman, trusting in medical science, awaits the ordeal with composure. But some recent statistics are disillusioning, alarming—or seem to be. What is the truth? Faith Baldwin, herself a mother, has plumbed this grave question to the bottom--and found a reassuring answer!

Other stories and articles by John Erskine, Donald Furthman Wickets, Jimmy Braddock, Edison Marshall, Valma Clark, and others

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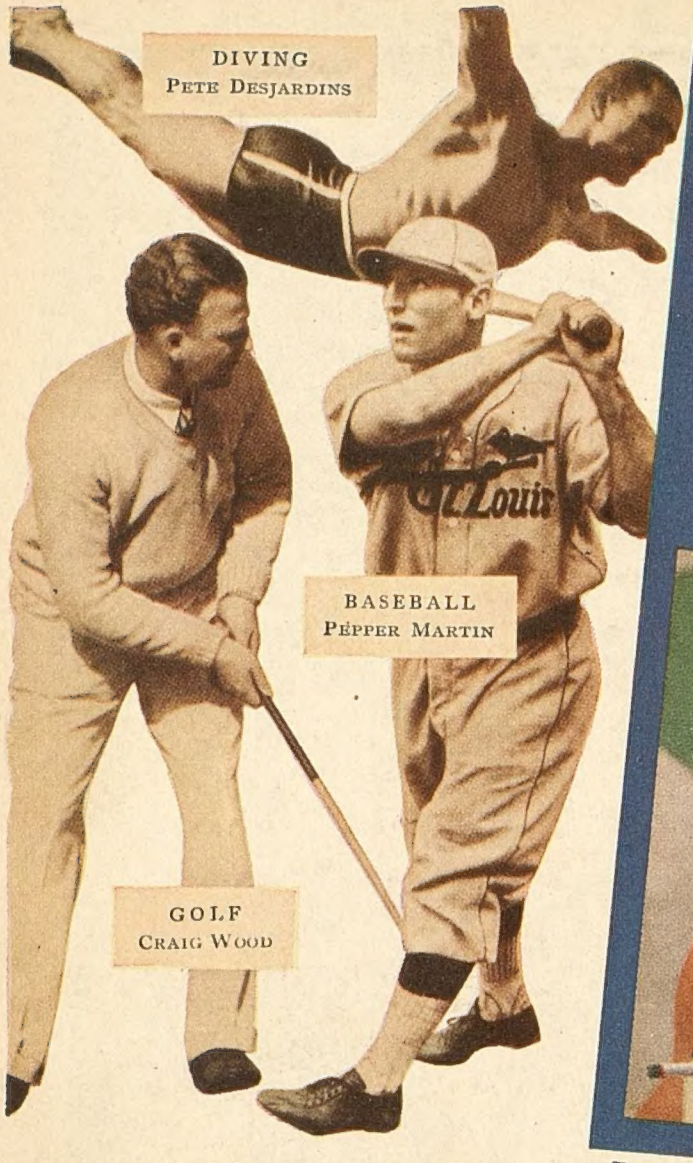

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Pete Desjardins, famous Olympic diver

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Reggie McNamara, "Iron Man" bike racer, adds: "I've smoked Camels for ten years—showing that Camels don't get the wind." And Reggie is backed up by Leo Sexton, Olympic shot-put record holder; Craig Wood, the golf star; and Susan Vilas, of swimming fame!

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